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LECTURES

TO

YOUNG MEN,

ON

VARIOUS IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER,

BROOKLYN, L. I.

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TO

LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

To you I owe more than to any other living being. In childhood, you were my Parent; in later life, my Teacher; in manhood, my Companion. To your affectionate vigilance I owe my principles, my knowledge, and that I am a Minister of the Gospel of Christ. For whatever profit they derive from this little Book, the young will be indebted to you.

PREFACE.

HAVING watched the courses of those who seduce the young—their arts, their blandishments, their pretences; having witnessed the beginning and consummation of ruin, almost in the same year, of many young men, naturally well disposed, whose downfall began with the *appearances* of innocence; I felt an earnest desire, if I could, to raise the suspicion of the young, and to direct their reason to the arts by which they are, with such facility, destroyed.

I ask every YOUNG MAN who may read this book, not to submit his judgment to mine, not to hate because I denounce, nor blindly to follow me; but to weigh my reasons, that he may form his own judgment. I only claim the place of a companion; and that I may gain his ear, I have sought to present truth in those forms which best please the young; and though I am not without hope of satisfying the aged and the wise, my whole thought has been to *carry with me the intelligent sympathy of* YOUNG MEN.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

It is proper to remark, that many of the statements in these Lectures, which may seem severe, or overdrawn, in New England, are literally true in the West. Insensibility to public indebtedness, gambling among the members of the Bar, the ignoble arts of Politicians,—I know not if such things are found at the East,—but within one year past an edition of three thousand copies of these Lectures has been distributed through the West, and it has been generally noticed in the papers, and I have never heard objections from any quarter, that the canvass has been too strongly colored.

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OPINIONS OF DISTINGUISHED LITERARY MEN.

[From Wm. H. McGuffey, Professor at Woodward College, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"Mr. Beecher sketches character with a masterly hand; and the old, as well as the young, must bear witness to the truth and fidelity of his portraits. I would recommend the book to the especial attention of those for whom it was designed, and hope that the patronage extended to this may encourage the author to make other efforts through the press, for the promotion of enlightened patriotism and sound morals."

[From D. H. Allen, Professor at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"We have a variety of books designed for young men, but I know of none worth half as much as this. It will be sure to be read, and if read, will not be easily forgotten; and the young man who reads and remembers it, will always have before him a vivid picture of the snares and pitfalls to which he is exposed. *Every youth should possess it. Every father should place it in the hands of his sons. It should be in every Sabbath School Library, on board every Steam-boat, in every Hotel, and wherever young men spend a leisure hour.*"

[From Dr. A. Wylie, President of the Indiana University, at Bloomington.]

"The indignant rebukes which the author deals out against that spirit of licentiousness which shows itself in those frivolous works which he mentions, and which are corrupting the taste as well as the morals of our youth, have my warmest approbation. That the genius and wit of Addison himself should be set aside for the trash of such works is lamentable: it is ominous.

"The warnings which Mr. Beecher has given on the subject of amusements are greatly needed: and his satire on that of 'repudiation,' no less.

"In short the book deserves a place on the shelf of every house holder in the land, to be read by the old as well as the young."

[From Dr. C. White, President of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.]

"Rev. H. W. Beecher's Lectures follow a long series of elaborate and able works addressed to young men by some of our best writers. It is no small merit of this production that it is not less instructive and impressive than the best of those which have preceded it, at the same time that it is totally unlike them all. Mr. Beecher has given to young men most important warnings, and most valuable advice with unusual fidelity and effect. Avoiding the abstract and formal, he has pointed out to the young the evils and advantages which surround them, with so much reality and vividness, that we almost forget we are reading a book instead of looking personally into the interior scenes of a living and breathing community. These lectures will bear to be read often."

[From Hon. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.]

"I know of no work so admirably calculated, if read with attention, to lead young men to correctness of thought and action, and I *earnestly* recommend it to the study of every young man who desires to become eminently respectable and useful."

[From E. W. Sehon, General Agent Am. Bible Society for the West.]

"The intention of the author is well preserved throughout this volume. We commend the book for its boldness and originality of thought and independence of expression. The young men of our country cannot too highly appreciate the efforts of one who has thus nobly and affectionately labored for their good."

[From James H. Perkins, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"I have read Mr. Henry W. Beecher's lectures to young men with a great deal of pleasure. *They appear to me to contain advice better adapted to our country than can be found in any similar work with which I am acquainted;* and this advice is presented in a style far better calculated than that common to the pulpit, to attract and please the young. I should certainly recommend the volume to any young man of my acquaintance as worthy of frequent perusal, and trust our American pulpit may produce many others as pleasing and practical."

[From T. R. Cressy, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"There is so much ignorance among good men in general, in all our cities and large towns, of the astonishing prevalence of vice; espe

cially of licentiousness and of its procuring causes; and there is such a false delicacy on the part of those who know these things, to hold them up to the gaze of the unsuspecting, that this book will not pass for its real worth. But it is a valuable work. It speaks the truth in all plainness. *It should be in every family library;* every young man should first *read* and then STUDY it."

[From J. Blanchard, Pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"The book is both pleasing and profitable: filled with vivid sketches and delineations of vice; weighty instructions, pithy sentiments, delicate turns of thought, and playful sallies of humor; and in style and matter is admirably adapted to the tastes and wants of the class for whom it is written."

[From T. A. Mills, Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"The matter of this work is excellent and the style striking and attractive. The dangers of young men are vividly portrayed, and much moral instruction given. Many of the popular errors of the present day are handled as they deserve. No young man can read the book attentively without profit, and its perusal would prove advantageous even to those who are immersed in the cares and business of life. *It will need no recommendation after it becomes known.*"

[From S. W. Lynde, Pastor of the Ninth Street Baptist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.]

"The Lectures to Young Men, by H. W. Beecher, appear to be well adapted to usefulness, *and worthy of an extensive circulation.*"

[From the Indiana State Journal.]

"We have no doubt that these Lectures, as read, will produce a powerful impression. * * * * * *

"The pictures which glow from the hand of the artist arrest the eye, (so admirable is the style and arrangement,) nor will the interest once aroused slacken, until the whole sketch shall be contemplated. And the effect of the sketch,—like that of a visit to the dens of iniquity shorn of their blandishments,—cannot fail to be of the most wholesome admonitory character."

[From the Daily Cincinnati Gazette.]

"To find anything new or peculiar in a work of this kind, now-a-days, would indeed be strange. In this respect we were agreeably surprised in looking over the book before us. The subjects, though

many of them are common-place, are important and handled in a masterly manner. The author shows himself acquainted with the world, and with human nature, in all its varying phases. He writes as one who has learned the dangers and temptations that beset the young, from personal observation, and not from hearsay."

[From the Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio.]

"The garb in which the author presents his subjects, makes them exceedingly attractive, and must make his Lectures very popular, when the public shall become acquainted with them. When delivered, it was not the design of the accomplished author to publish them; but at the earnest solicitation of a number of prominent citizens of Indiana, who were convinced that they would have a highly beneficial influence in arresting the progress of vice and immorality, he prepared them for the press, and they are now published in a cheap and neat form; the typography being highly creditable to the Western press."

[From the Baptist Cross and Journal, Columbus, Ohio.]

"It is an excellent book, and should be in the hands of every young man, and of many parents. But few of those who are anxious to place their sons in large towns and cities, are aware of the temptations which beset them there, or of the many sons thus placed, who are unable to withstand these temptations. This work will open their eyes, and place them on their guard. It is written in a popular, captivating style, and is neatly printed. It goes *right at* the besetting sins of the age, and handles them without gloves. It ought to be extensively circulated."

[From the Cincinnati Daily Herald.]

"Mr. Beecher looks at things in his own way, and utters his thoughts in his own style. His conceptions are strong, his speech direct and to the point. The work is worthy of anybody's perusal.

"One thing more before we leave this book. It is entirely practical, and specially appropriate to the times—and its views, so far as we can speak from our own perusal, are just, and very forcible."

[From the Louisville Journal.]

"It is the most valuable addition to our didactic literature that has been made for many years. Let all get it and read it carefully."

LITERARY NOTICES TO THE THIRD EDITION.

[From the Olive Branch.]

"BEECHER'S LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the most able, interesting and really useful works for young men is the volume of lectures addressed to them, by Henry Ward Beecher. Every young man should have a copy of it. The second edition is now before the public, published by John P. Jewett & Co., Salem."

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

"We have received 'Lectures to Young Men on Important Subjects,' by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, the second edition of a work that has already effected much good, and, we trust, is destined to achieve still more. The subjects are practical, such as concern all young men especially at the present day. The sentiments of the writer are put forth with much conciseness and vigor of style, for Mr. Beecher writes like one in earnest. We could wish that every young man had the book put into his hands—especially every youth whose avocation or choice may lead him to reside in any of the larger cities of the Union."

[From the Christian Observer, Philadelphia.]

"BEECHER'S LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.—This is a new edition of an approved and excellent book, which it affords us pleasure to recommend to young men in every part of the country. The author's thoughts, style, and manner, are his own; and his vivid sketches of the evils and advantages which surround the young, are replete with important counsels and valuable instruction."

[From the Christian Mirror, Portland, Maine.]

"We have read the whole, and do not hesitate to endorse the strong recommendations of Western Presidents and Professors of Colleges, Judge McLean, and numerous clergymen, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Unitarians. Professor Allen, of Lane Seminary, 'knows of no book designed for young men worth half so much as this.' President Wylie says, it 'deserves a place on the shelf of every household in the land.' President White says, 'it is not less instructive than the best of those which have preceded it, at the

same time that it is totally unlike them all.' Judge McLean 'knows of no work so admirably calculated to lead young men to correctness of thought and action.' We might copy other testimonies agreeing with these, but it is not necessary. Characters and qualities, whether for warning or imitation, are drawn with uncommon graphic power and justness of delineation, as any one may satisfy himself who will turn to 'the picture gallery,' and survey the full length portraits of the Wit, the Humorist, the Cynic, the Libertine, the Demagogue, and the Party-man. Would that every family might procure and peruse it."

[From the Christian Citizen.]

"LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN—By Henry Ward Beecher. This is a volume of good strong Saxon thoughts, which no young man can read without thinking the like. The author talks right into the avocations of every-day life, as if he had been there himself, and were not dealing in kid glove theories of life and duty. Young men, you had better buy that book; it costs but little, and it will be worth a hundred dollars a year to you if you read it in the right way.'

Highly recommendatory notices appeared in the New York Evangelist, New York Observer, Christian World, Christian Register, Christian Watchman, &c., &c. We have not the papers to copy them from.

[From the Christian Reflector, Boston.]

"This is a 'young man's manual,' to the purpose. It treats of the most important subjects, with simple directness, and yet with the hand of a master. There are thousands of young men in Boston who would read it with profit and interest, and not a few whom its perusal might save from 'the yawning gulf of corruption and ruin.' This is the second edition of a work first published at Cincinnati, and already honored with the cordial approbation of many distinguished men. It is a handsomely printed volume of moderate size, pages 250. Mr. Beecher dedicates the work to his honored father, Lyman Beecher, D. D. Let every young man secure this book, and read it."

[From the Portland Transcript.]

"BEECHER'S LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.—In handling his subjects the author has a peculiar style. There is a freshness and originality

about it that at once arrests attention. He writes with an ungloved hand,—presents truth, as truth should be presented,—naked. Whatever there is beautiful, whatever hideous about her, there she stands, a mark for all to gaze at. We have vices enough in New England which need rebuking and reforming. There are none so virtuous who may not be profited by these lectures. They are addressed to the young men particularly, yet the aged may glean from them many a useful lesson. We commend the work heartily to all. It is not a dry, abstract treatise on morals; but highly practical throughout. The pictures presented are life-like,—flesh and blood portraits. The illustrations are apt and happy, while an occasional vein of humor comes in as a very agreeable seasoning. The author writes like one in earnest, like one who feels the importance of the duty he has assumed. A better work for the young we have rarely read."

[From the Daily Evening Transcript, Boston.]

"These Lectures abound in important and impressive truths, expressed in clear and pungent language. Mr. Beecher's style is remarkable for compactness and forcibleness. He occasionally thunders and lightens, but it is to arouse young men to the dangers to which they are exposed. There is a freshness and vivacity about his thoughts and language which must interest as well as instruct and warn the young. We would that every young man in our city,—yea, in our country,—had a copy of these lectures in his hands. They can scarcely fail to interest every intelligent reader, nor to benefit every young man not lost to a sense of duty, not blind to danger, not in love with vice."

[From the Advocate of Moral Reform, New York.]

"Beecher's Lectures to Young Men.—Wherever this book is known, it is regarded of superlative worth. In our judgment no young man should enter upon city life without it. Employers, both in city and country, should place it in the hands of their clerks and apprentices. Fathers should give it to their sons, and sons should keep it next their Bibles, and engrave its precepts upon their hearts. We are glad to learn, that, although so recently published, it has passed to a *third edition*, and the demand for it is increasing."

[From the Cong. Journal, Concord, N. H.]

"The writer draws his sketches with the hand of a master, and entering upon his work with a hearty interest in the young, for

whom he writes it, he makes them feel that he is honest and in earnest. While the book is not wanting in seriousness, it has the charm of variety; and though it encourages stern religious and moral principles, the pictures drawn in it are so vivid, that it will be read with the interest of an ingenious work of fiction. Every father should put it in his family."

Valuable notices have appeared in most of the papers in New England and New York state, too numerous to copy.

LECTURE I.

Give us this day our daily bread. Matt. vi. 11.

This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat. For we hear that there are some who walk among you disorderly, working not at all, but are busybodies. Now them that are such we command and exhort by our Lord Jesus Christ, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread. 2 Thess. iii. 10, 12.

The bread which we solicit of God, he gives us through our own industry. Prayer sows it, and Industry reaps it.

As Industry is habitual activity in some useful pursuit, so, not only inactivity, but also all efforts without the design of usefulness, are of the nature of Idleness. The supine sluggard is no more indolent than the bustling do-nothing. Men may walk much, and read much, and talk much, and pass the day without an unoccupied moment, and yet be substantially idle; because Industry requires, at least, the intention of usefulness. But gadding, gazing, lounging, mere pleasure-mongering, reading for the relief of *ennui*,—these are as useless as sleeping, or dozing, or the stupidity of a surfeit.

There are many grades of idleness; and veins of it run through the most industrious life. We shall indulge in some descriptions of the various classes of idlers, and leave the reader to judge, if he be an indolent man, to which class he belongs.

1. The lazy-man. He is of a very ancient pedigree; for his family is minutely described by Solomon: *How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou awake out of sleep?* This is the language of impatience; the speaker has been trying to awaken him—pulling, pushing, rolling him over, and shouting in his ear; but all to no purpose. He soliloquizes, whether it is possible for the man *ever* to wake up! At length, the sleeper drawls out a dozing petition to be let alone: "*Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep;*" and the last words confusedly break into a snore,—that somnolent lullaby of repose. Long ago the birds have finished their matins, the sun has advanced full high, the dew has gone from the grass, and the labors of Industry are far in progress, when our sluggard, awakened by his very efforts to maintain sleep, slowly emerges to perform life's great duty of *feeding*—with him, second only in importance to sleep. And now, well rested, and suitably nourished, surely he will abound in labor. *Nay, the sluggard will not plough by reason of the cold.* It is yet

early spring; there is ice in the north; and the winds are hearty: his tender skin shrinks from exposure, and he waits for milder days,—envying the residents of tropical climates, where cold never comes, and harvests wave spontaneously. He is valiant at sleeping and at the trencher; but for other courage, *the slothful man saith, there is a lion without; I shall be slain in the street.* He has not been out to see; but he heard a noise, and resolutely betakes himself to prudence. Under so thriving a manager, so alert in the morning, so busy through the day, and so enterprising, we might anticipate the thrift of his husbandry. *I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face of it, and its stone wall was broken down.* To complete the picture, only one thing more is wanted,—a description of his house,—and then we should have, at one view, the lazy-man, his farm, and house. Solomon has given us that also: *By much slothfulness the building decayeth; and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through.* Let all this be put together, and possibly some reader may find an unpleasant resemblance to his own affairs.

He sleeps long and late, he wakes to stupidity, with indolent eyes sleepily rolling over neglected

work; neglected because it is too cold in spring, and too hot in summer, and too laborious at all times,—a great coward in danger, and therefore very blustering in safety. His lands run to waste, his fences are dilapidated, his crops chiefly of weeds and brambles; a shattered house, the side leaning over as if wishing, like its owner, to lie down to sleep; the chimney tumbling down, the roof breaking in, with moss and grass sprouting in its crevices; the well without pump or windlass, a trap for their children. This is the very castle of Indolence.

2. Another idler as useless, but vastly more active than the last, attends closely to every one's business, except his own. His wife earns the children's bread, and his; procures her own raiment and his; she procures the wood; she procures the water, while he, with hands in his pocket, is busy watching the building of a neighbor's barn; or advising another how to trim and train his vines; or he has heard of sickness in a friend's family, and is there to suggest a hundred cures, and to do everything but to help; he is a spectator of shooting-matches, a stickler for a ring and fair play at every fight. He knows all the stories of all the families that live in the town. If he can catch a stranger at the tavern in a rainy day, he pours out a strain of information, a pattering of words, as thick as the rain-drops out

of doors. He has good advice to everybody, how to save, how to make money, how to do everything; he can tell the saddler about his trade, he gives advice to the smith about his work, and goes over with him when it is forged to see the carriage-maker put it on, suggests improvements, advises this paint or that varnish, criticises the finish, or praises the trimmings. He is a violent reader of newspapers, almanacs, and receipt books; and with scraps of history and mutilated anecdotes, he faces the very school master, and gives up only to the volubility of the oily village lawyer,—few have the hardihood to match *him*.

And thus every day he bustles through his multifarious idleness, and completes his circle of visits, as regularly as the pointers of a clock visit each figure on the dial plate; but alas! the clock forever tells man the useful lesson of time passing steadily away, and returning never; but what useful thing do these busy buzzing idlers perform?

3. We introduce another idler. He follows no vocation; he only follows those who do. Sometimes he sweeps along the streets, with consequential gait; sometimes perfumes it with wasted odors of tobacco. He also haunts sunny benches, or breezy piazzas. His business is *to see;* his desire to be seen, and no one fails to see him,—so gaudily

dressed, his hat sitting aslant upon a wilderness of hair, like a bird half startled from its nest, and every thread arranged to provoke attention. He is a man of honor; not that he keeps his word or shrinks from meanness. He defrauds his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord. He drinks and smokes at other men's expense. He gambles and swears, and fights—when he is too drunk to be afraid; but still he is a man of honor, for he has whiskers and looks fierce, wears mustachios and says, "*upon my honor, sir;*" "*do you doubt my honor, sir?*"

Thus he appears by day; by night he does not appear; he may be dimly seen flitting; his voice may be heard loud in the carousal of some refection cellar, or above the songs and uproar of a midnight return, and home staggering.

4. The next of this brotherhood excites our pity. He began life most thriftily; for his rising family he was gathering an ample subsistence; but, involved in other men's affairs, he went down in their ruin. Late in life he begins once more, and at length just secure of an easy competence, his ruin is compassed again. He sits down quietly under it, complains of no one, envies no one, refuseth the cup, and is even more pure in morals, than in better days. He moves on from day to day, as one who walks under a spell,—it is the spell of despondency which

nothing can disenchant or arouse. He neither seeks work nor refuses it. He wanders among men a dreaming gazer, poorly clad, always kind, always irresolute, able to plan nothing for himself, nor to execute what others have planned for him. He lives and he dies a discouraged man, and the most harmless and excusable of all idlers.

5. I have not mentioned the fashionable idler, whose riches defeat every object for which God gave him birth. He has a fine form, and manly beauty, and the chief end of life is to display them. With notable diligence he ransacks the market for rare and curious fabrics, for costly seals, and chains, and rings. A coat poorly fitted is the unpardonable sin of his creed. He meditates upon cravats, employs a profound discrimination in selecting a hat, or a vest, and adopts his conclusions upon the tastefulness of a button or a collar, with the deliberation of a statesman. Thus caparisoned, he saunters in fashionable galleries, or flaunts in stylish equipage, or parades the streets with simpering belles, or delights their itching ears with compliments of flattery, or with choicely culled scandal. He is a reader of fictions, if they be not too substantial; a writer of cards and billet-doux, and is especially conspicuous in albums. Gay and frivolous, rich and useless, polished till the enamel is worn off, his whole life

serves only to make him an animated puppet of pleasure. He is as corrupt in imagination as he is refined in manners; he is as selfish in private as he is generous in public; and even what he gives to another, is given for his own sake. He worships where fashion worships, to-day at the theatre, to-morrow at the church, as either exhibits the whitest hand, or the most polished actor. A gaudy, active and indolent butterfly, he flutters without industry from flower to flower, until summer closes, and frosts sting him, and he sinks down and dies, unthought of and unremembered.

6. One other portrait should be drawn of a business man, who wishes to subsist by his occupation while he attends to everything else. If a sporting club goes to the woods, he must go. He has set his line in every hole in the river, and dozed in a summer day under every tree along its bank. He rejoices in a riding party—a sleigh-ride—a summer-frolic—a winter's glee. He is everybody's friend—universally good-natured,—forever busy where it will do him no good, and remiss where his interests require activity. He takes amusement for his main business, which other men employ as a relaxation; and the serious labor of life, which other men are mainly employed in, he knows only as a relaxation. After a few years he fails, his good nature is some-

thing clouded, and as age sobers his buoyancy without repairing his profitless habits, he soon sinks to a lower grade of laziness, and to ruin.

It would be endless to describe the wiles of idleness—how it creeps upon men, how secretly it mingles with their pursuits, how much time it purloins from the scholar, from the professional man, and from the artisan. It steals minutes, it clips off the edges of hours, and at length takes possession of days. Where it has its will, it sinks and drowns employment; but where necessity, or ambition, or duty resists such violence, then indolence makes labor heavy; scatters the attention; puts us to our tasks with wandering thoughts, with irresolute purpose, and with dreamy visions. Thus when it may, it plucks out hours and rules over them; and where this may not be, it lurks around them to impede the sway of industry, and turn her seeming toils to subtle idleness. Against so mischievous an enchantress, we should be duly armed. I shall, therefore, describe the advantages of Industry, and the evils of Indolence.

1. A hearty Industry promotes happiness. Some men of the greatest industry are unhappy from infelicity of disposition; they are morose, or suspicious, or envious. Such qualities make happiness impossible under any circumstances.

Health is the platform on which all happiness must be built. Good appetite, good digestion, and good sleep, are the elements of health, and Industry confers them. As use polishes metals, so labor the faculties, until the body performs its unimpeded functions with elastic cheerfulness and hearty enjoyment.

Buoyant spirits are an element of happiness, and activity produces them; but they fly away from sluggishness, as fixed air from open wine. Men's spirits are like water, which sparkles when it runs, but stagnates in still pools, and is mantled with green, and breeds corruption and filth. The applause of conscience, the self-respect of pride, the consciousness of independence, a manly joy of usefulness, the consent of every faculty of the mind to one's occupation, and their gratification in it—these constitute a happiness superior to the fever-flashes of vice in its brightest moments. After an experience of ages, which has taught nothing from this, men should have learned, that satisfaction is not the product of excess, or of indolence, or of riches; but of industry, temperance, and usefulness. Every village has instances which ought to teach young men, that he, who goes aside from the simplicity of nature, and the purity of virtue, to wallow in excesses, carousals, and surfeits, at length misses the

errand of his life: and sinking with shattered body prematurely to a dishonored grave, mourns that he mistook exhilaration for satisfaction, and abandoned the very home of happiness, when he forsook the labors of useful Industry.

The poor man with Industry, is happier than the rich man in Idleness; for labor makes the one more manly, and riches unmans the other. The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by license than his vassal by toil. Luxurious couches—plushy carpets from oriental looms—pillows of eider-down—carriages contrived with cushions and springs to make motion imperceptible,—is the indolent master of these as happy as the slave that wove the carpet, the Indian who hunted the northern flock, or the servant who drives the pampered steeds? Let those who envy the gay revels of city idlers, and pine for their masquerades, their routs, and their operas, experience for a week the lassitude of their satiety, the unarousable torpor of their life when not under a fiery stimulus, their desperate *ennui*, and restless somnolency, they would gladly flee from their haunts as from a land of cursed enchantment.

2. Industry is the parent of thrift. In the overburdened states of Europe, the severest toil often only suffices to make life a wretched vacillation be-

tween food and famine; but in America, Industry is prosperity.

Although God has stored the world with an endless variety of riches for man's wants, he has made them all accessible only to Industry. The food we eat, the raiment which covers us, the house which protects, must be secured by diligence. To tempt man yet more to Industry, every product of the earth has a susceptibility of improvement; so that man not only obtains the gifts of nature at the price of labor, but these gifts become more precious as we bestow upon them greater skill and cultivation. The wheat and maize which crown our ample fields, were food fit but for birds, before man perfected them by labor. The fruits of the forest and the hedge, scarcely tempting to the extremest hunger, after skill has dealt with them and transplanted them to the orchard and the garden, allure every sense with the richest colors, odors, and flavors. The world is full of germs which man is set to develop; and there is scarcely an assignable limit, to which the hand of skill and labor may not bear the powers of nature.

The scheming speculations of the last ten years have produced an aversion among the young to the slow accumulations of ordinary Industry, and fired them with a conviction that shrewdness, cunning

and bold ventures, are a more manly way to wealth. There is a swarm of men, bred in the heats of adventurous times, whose thoughts scorn pence and farthings, and who humble themselves to speak of dollars;—*hundreds* and *thousands* are their words. They are men of *great* operations. Forty thousand dollars is a moderate profit of a single speculation. They mean to own the Bank; and to look down, before they die, upon Astor and Girard. The young farmer becomes almost ashamed to meet his schoolmate, whose stores line whole streets, whose stocks are in every bank and company, and whose increasing money is already well nigh inestimable. But if the butterfly derides the bee in summer, he was never known to do it in the lowering days of autumn.

Every few years, Commerce has its earthquakes, and the tall and toppling warehouses which haste ran up, are first shaken down. The hearts of men fail them for fear; and the suddenly rich, made more suddenly poor, fill the land with their loud laments. But nothing strange has happened. When the whole story of commercial disasters is told, it is only found out that they, who slowly amassed the gains of useful Industry, built upon a rock; and they, who flung together the imaginary millions of commercial speculations, built upon the

sand. When times grew dark, and the winds came, and the floods descended and beat upon them both—the rock sustained the one, and the shifting sand let down the other. If a young man has no higher ambition in life than riches, Industry—plain, rugged, brown-faced, homely clad, old-fashioned Industry, must be courted. Young men are pressed with a most unprofitable haste. They wish to reap before they have ploughed or sown. Everything is driving at such a rate, that they have become giddy. Laborious occupations are avoided. Money is to be earned in genteel leisure, with the help of fine clothes, and by the soft seductions of smooth hair and luxuriant whiskers.

Parents, equally wild, foster the delusion. Shall the promising lad be apprenticed to his uncle, the blacksmith? The sisters think the blacksmith so very smutty; the mother shrinks from the ungentility of his swarthy labor; the father, weighing the matter prudentially deeper, finds that a *whole life* had been spent in earning the uncle's property. These sagacious parents, wishing the tree to bear its fruit before it has ever blossomed, regard the long delay of industrious trades as a fatal objection to them. The son, then, must be a rich merchant, or a popular lawyer, or a broker; and these, only as the openings to speculation.

Young business men are often educated in two very unthrifty species of contempt; a contempt for small gains, and a contempt for hard labor. To do one's own errands, to wheel one's own barrow, to be seen with a bundle, bag, or burden, is disreputable. Men are so sharp now-a-days, that they can compass by their shrewd heads, what their fathers used to do with their heads and hands.

3. Industry gives character and credit to the young. The reputable portions of society have maxims of prudence, by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions, settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty, are apt to be associated with industry. A prudent man would scarcely be persuaded that a listless, lounging fellow, would be economical or trust-worthy. An employer would judge wisely, that where there was little regard for time, or for occupation, there would be as little, upon temptation, for honesty or veracity. Pilferings of the till, and robberies, are fit deeds for idle clerks, and lazy apprentices. Industry and knavery are sometimes found associated; but men wonder

at it, as at a strange thing. The epithets of society, which betoken its experience, are all in favor of Industry. Thus, the terms "a hard working man;" "an industrious man;" "a laborious artisan;" are employed to mean, an *honest man;* a *trust-worthy man.*

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called *good* and *bad luck.* There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments;—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working,

prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of. But when I see a tatterdemalion, creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck,—for the worst of all luck, is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.

4. Industry is a substitute for Genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity,—as the faculty of music in Mozart,—invention in Fulton,—ideality in Milton,—we call their possessor a genius. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind, that he can do anything without labor. According to the popular notion, he learns without study, and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation; exact without calculation; and profound without reflection. While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist.

So far as my observations have ascertained the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies; in village debating clubs; in coteries of young artists, and among young professional aspirants. They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair, and very open shirt collars; by the reading of much wretched poetry, and the writing of much, yet more wretched; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless:—beings whom no man wants for friend, pupil, or companion.

The occupations of the great man, and of the common man, are necessarily, for the most part, the same; for the business of life is made up of minute affairs, requiring only judgment and diligence. A high order of intellect is required for the discovery and defence of truth; but this is an unfrequent task. Where the ordinary wants of life once require recondite principles, they will need the application of familiar truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds of knowledge, must push out with bold adventure beyond the common walks of men. But only a few pioneers are needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men in each occupation may herald the advance of all the business of society. The vast bulk of men are required to discharge

the homely duties of life; and they have less need of genius than of intellectual Industry and patient Enterprise. Young men should observe, that those who take the honors and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce and of professional life, are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application, than for a brilliant genius. In the ordinary business of life, Industry can do anything which Genius can do; and very many things which it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dulness, squeamish at petty disgusts:—it loves a conspicuous place, a short work, and a large reward. It loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side-race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction. What Genius performs at one impulse, Industry gains by a succession of blows. In ordinary matters they differ only in rapidity of execution, and are upon one level before men,—who see the *result* but not the *process*.

It is admirable to know that those things which in skill, in art, and in learning, the world has been

unwilling to let die, have not only been the conceptions of genius, but the products of toil. The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature, as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish, from an almost incredible continuance of labor upon them. I do not remember a book in all the departments of learning, nor a scrap in literature, nor a work in all the schools of art, from which its author has derived a permanent renown, that is not known to have been long and patiently elaborated. Genius needs Industry, as much as Industry needs Genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of Nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil. The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest accretions of persevering labor. The conceptions of Michael Angelo would have perished like a night's phantasy, had not his industry given them permanence.

From enjoying the pleasant walks of Industry we turn reluctantly to explore the paths of Indolence.

All degrees of Indolence incline a man to rely

upon others, and not upon himself; to eat *their* bread and not his own. His carelessness is somebody's loss; his neglect is somebody's downfall; his promises are a perpetual stumbling block to all who trust them. If he borrows, the article remains borrowed; if he begs and gets, it is as the letting out of waters—no one knows when it will stop. He spoils your work; disappoints your expectations; exhausts your patience; eats up your substance; abuses your confidence; and hangs a dead weight upon all your plans; and the very best thing an honest man can do with a lazy man, is to get rid of him. Solomon says: *Bray a fool with a pestle, in a mortar with wheat, yet will not his folly depart from him.* He does not mention what kind of a fool he meant; but as he speaks of a fool by preëminence, I take it for granted he meant a *lazy man;* and I am the more inclined to the opinion, from another expression of his experience: *As vinegar to the teeth, and smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him.*

Indolence is a great spendthrift. An indolently inclined young man, can neither *make* nor *keep* property. I have high authority for this: *He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.*

When Satan would put ordinary men to a crop

of mischief, like a wise husbandman, he clears the ground and prepares it for seed; but he finds the idle man already prepared, and he has scarcely the trouble of sowing; for vices, like weeds, ask little strewing, except what the wind gives their ripe and winged seeds, shaking and scattering them all abroad. Indeed, lazy men may fitly be likened to a tropical prairie, over which the wind of temptation perpetually blows, drifting every vagrant seed from hedge and hill, and which—without a moment's rest through all the year—waves its rank harvest of luxuriant weeds.

First, the imagination will be haunted with unlawful visitants. Upon the outskirts of towns are shattered houses, abandoned by reputable persons. They are not empty, because all the day silent; thieves, vagabonds and villains haunt them, in joint possession with rats, bats, and vermin. Such are idle men's imaginations—full of unlawful company.

The imagination is closely related to the passions, and fires them with its heat. The day-dreams of indolent youth, glow each hour with warmer colors, and bolder adventures. The imagination fashions scenes of enchantment, in which the passions revel; and it leads them out, in shadow at first, to deeds which soon they will seek in earnest. The brilliant colors of far-away clouds, are but the colors of the storm; the salacious day-dreams of indolent men

rosy at first and distant, deepen every day, darker and darker, to the color of actual evil. Then follows the blight of every habit. Indolence promises without redeeming the pledge; a mist of forgetfulness rises up and obscures the memory of vows and oaths. The negligence of laziness breeds more falsehoods than the cunning of the sharper. As poverty waits upon the steps of Indolence, so, upon such poverty, brood equivocations, subterfuges, lying denials. Falsehood becomes the instrument of every plan. Negligence of truth, next occasional falsehood, then wanton mendacity,—these three strides traverse the whole road of lies.

Indolence as surely runs to dishonesty, as to lying. Indeed, they are but different parts of the same road, and not far apart. In directing the conduct of the Ephesian converts, Paul says, *Let him that stole, steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good.* The men who were thieves, were those who had ceased to work. Industry was the road back to honesty. When stores are broken open, the idle are first suspected. The desperate forgeries and swindlings of past years have taught men, upon their occurrence, to ferret their authors among the unemployed, or among those vainly occupied in vicious pleasures.

The terrible passion for stealing rarely grows upon the young, except through the necessities of their idle pleasures. Business is first neglected for amusement, and amusement soon becomes the only business. The appetite for vicious pleasure outruns the means of procuring it. The theatre, the circus, the card-table, the midnight carouse, demand money. When scanty earnings are gone, the young man pilfers from the till. First, because he hopes to repay, and next, because he despairs of paying—for the disgrace of stealing ten dollars or a thousand will be the same, but not their respective pleasures. Next, he will gamble, since it is only another form of stealing. Gradually excluded from reputable society, the vagrant takes all the badges of vice, and is familiar with her paths; and, through them, enters the broad road of crime. Society precipitates its lazy members, as water does its filth; and they form at the bottom, a pestilent sediment, stirred up by every breeze of evil, into riots, robberies and murders. Into it drains all the filth, and out of it, as from a morass, flow all the streams of pollution. Brutal wretches, desperately haunted by the law, crawling in human filth, brood here their villain schemes, and plot mischief to man. Hither resorts the truculent demagogue, to stir up the fœtid filth against his adversaries, or to bring up mobs out

of this sea, which cannot rest, but casts up mire and dirt.

The results of Indolence upon communities, are as marked as upon individuals. In a town of industrious people, the streets would be clean; houses neat and comfortable; fences in repair; school-houses swarming with rosy-faced children, decently clad, and well-behaved. The laws would be respected, because justly administered. The church would be thronged with devout worshippers. The tavern would be silent, and for the most part empty, or a welcome retreat for weary travellers. Grog-sellers would fail, and mechanics grow rich; labor would be honorable, and loafing a disgrace. For music, the people would have the blacksmith's anvil, and the carpenter's hammer; and at home, the spinning-wheel, and girls cheerfully singing at their work. Debts would be seldom paid, because seldom made; but if contracted, no grim officer would be invited to the settlement. Town-officers would be respectable men, taking office reluctantly, and only for the public good. Public days would be full of sports, without fighting; and elections would be as orderly as weddings or funerals.

In a town of lazy-men, I should expect to find crazy houses, shingles and weather-boards knocked off; doors hingeless, and all a-creak: windows stuffed

with rags, hats, or pillows. Instead of flowers in summer, and warmth in winter, every side of the house would swarm with vermin in hot weather—and with starveling pigs in cold; fences would be curiosities of lazy contrivance, and gates hung with ropes, or lying flat in the mud. Lank cattle would follow every loaded wagon, supplicating a morsel, with famine in their looks. Children would be ragged, dirty, saucy; the school-house empty; the jail full; the church silent; the grog-shops noisy; and the carpenter, the saddler, and the blacksmith, would do their principal work at taverns. Lawyers would reign; constables flourish, and hunt sneaking criminals; burly justices, (as their interests might dictate,) would connive a compromise, or make a commitment. The peace-officers would wink at tumults, arrest rioters in fun, and drink with them in good earnest. Good men would be obliged to keep dark, and bad men would swear, fight, and rule the town. Public days would be scenes of confusion, and end in rows; elections would be drunken, illegal, boisterous and brutal.

The young abhor the last results of Idleness; but they do not perceive that the *first steps lead to the last.* They are in the opening of this career; but with them it is genteel leisure, not laziness; it is relaxation, not sloth; amusement, not indolence.

But leisure, relaxation, and amusement, when men ought to be usefully engaged, are Indolence. A specious Industry is the worst Idleness. A young man perceives that the first steps lead to the last, with everybody but himself. He sees others become drunkards by social tippling,—he sips socially, as if *he* could not be a drunkard. He sees others become dishonest, by petty habits of fraud; but will indulge slight aberrations, as if he could not become knavish. Though others, by lying, lose all character, he does not imagine that his little dalliances with falsehood will make *him* a liar. He knows that salacious imaginations, villanous pictures, harlot snuff-boxes, and illicit familiarities, have led thousands to her door, whose house *is the way to hell;* yet he never sighs or trembles lest these things should take *him* to this inevitable way of damnation!

In reading these strictures upon Indolence, you will abhor it in others, without suspecting it in yourself. While you read, I fear you are excusing yourself; you are supposing that your leisure has not been laziness; or that, with your disposition, and in your circumstances, Indolence is harmless. Be not deceived: if you are idle, you are on the road to ruin: and there are few stopping places upon it. It is rather a precipice, than a road. While I

point out the temptation to Indolence, scrutinize your course, and pronounce honestly upon your risk.

1. Some are tempted to Indolence by their wretched training, or rather, wretched want of it. How many families are the most remiss, whose low condition and sufferings are the strongest inducement to Industry. The children have no inheritance, yet never work; no education, yet are never sent to school. It is hard to keep their rags around them, yet none of them will earn better raiment. If ever there was a case when a Government should interfere between parent and child, that seems to be the one, where children are started in life with an education of vice. If, in every community, three things should be put together, which always work together, the front would be a *grogshop*,—the middle a *jail*,—the rear a *gallows*;—an infernal trinity; and the recruits for this three-headed monster, are largely drafted from the lazy children of worthless parents.

2. The children of rich parents are apt to be reared in Indolence. The ordinary motives to industry are wanting, and the temptations to sloth are multiplied. Other men labor to provide a support; to amass wealth; to secure homage; to obtain power; to multiply the elegant products of art. The child of affluence inherits these things. Why should he labor who may command universal service, whose

money subsidizes the inventions of art, exhausts the luxuries of society, and makes rarities common by their abundance? Only the blind would not see that riches and ruin run in one channel to prodigal children. The most rigorous regimen, the most confirmed industry, and steadfast morality can alone disarm inherited wealth, and reduce it to a blessing. The profligate wretch, who fondly watches his father's advancing decrepitude, and secretly curses the lingering steps of death, (seldom too slow except to hungry heirs,) at last is overblessed in the tidings that the loitering work is done—and the estate his. When the golden shower has fallen, he rules as a prince in a court of expectant parasites. All the sluices by which pleasurable vice drains an estate are opened wide. A few years complete the ruin. The hopeful heir, avoided by all whom he has helped, ignorant of useful labor, and scorning a knowledge of it, fired with an incurable appetite for vicious excitement, sinks steadily down,—a profligate, a wretch, a villain-scoundrel, a convicted felon. Let parents who hate their offspring rear them to hate labor, and to inherit riches, and before long they will be stung by every vice, racked by its poison, and damned by its penalty.

3. Another cause of Idleness is found in the secret effects of youthful indulgence. The purest pleasures

lie within the circle of useful occupation. Mere pleasure,—sought outside of usefulness,—existing by itself,—is fraught with poison. When its exhilaration has thoroughly kindled the mind, the passions thenceforth refuse a simple food; they crave and require an excitement, higher than any ordinary occupation can give. After revelling all night in wine-dreams, or amid the fascinations of the dance, or the deceptions of the drama, what has the dull store, or the dirty shop, which can continue the pulse at this fever-heat of delight? The face of Pleasure to the youthful imagination, is the face of an angel, a paradise of smiles, a home of love; while the rugged face of Industry, embrowned by toil, is dull and repulsive: but at the end it is not so. These are harlot charms which Pleasure wears. At last, when Industry shall put on her beautiful garments, and rest in the palace which her own hands have built,—Pleasure, blotched and diseased with indulgence, shall lie down and die upon the dunghill.

4. Example leads to Idleness. The children of industrious parents at the sight of vagrant rovers seeking their sports wherever they will, disrelish labor, and envy this unrestrained leisure. At the first relaxation of parental vigilance, they shrink from their odious tasks. Idleness is begun when

labor is a burden, and industry a bondage, and only idle relaxation a pleasure.

The example of political men, office-seekers, and public officers, is not usually conducive to Industry. The idea insensibly fastens upon the mind, that greatness and hard labor are not companions. The inexperience of youth imagines that great men are men of great leisure. They see them much in public, often applauded, and greatly followed. How disgusting in contrast is the mechanic's life; a tinkering shop,—dark and smutty,—is the only theatre of his exploits; and labor, which covers him with sweat and fills him with weariness, brings neither notice nor praise. The ambitious apprentice, sighing over his soiled hands, hates his ignoble work;—neglecting it, he aspires to better things,—plots in a caucus; declaims in a bar-room; fights in a grog-shop; and dies in a ditch.

5. But the Indolence begotten by venal ambition must not be so easily dropped. At those periods of occasional disaster when embarrassments cloud the face of commerce, and trade drags heavily, sturdy laborers forsake industrial occupations, and petition for office. Had I a son able to gain a livelihood by toil, I had rather bury him, than witness his beggarly supplications for office;—sneaking along the path of men's passions to gain his advantage; hold-

ing in the breath of his honest opinions; and breathing feigned words of flattery to hungry ears, popular or official; and crawling, viler than a snake, through all the unmanly courses by which ignoble wretches purloin the votes of the dishonest, the drunken, and the vile.

The late reverses of commerce have unsettled the habits of thousands. Manhood seems debilitated, and many sturdy yeomen are ashamed of nothing but labor. For a farthing-pittance of official salary, —for the miserable fees of a constable's office,—for the parings and perquisites of any deputyship,—a hundred men in every village, rush forward,—scrambling, jostling, crowding,—each more obsequious than the other to lick the hand that holds the omnipotent vote, or the starveling office. The most supple cunning gains the prize. Of the disappointed crowd, a few, rebuked by their sober reflections, go back to their honest trade,—ashamed and cured of office-seeking. But the majority grumble for a day, then prick forth their ears, arrange their feline arts, and mouse again for another office. The general appetite for office and disrelish for industrial callings, is a prolific source of Idleness; and it would be well for the honor of young men if they were bred to regard office as fit only for those who have clearly shown themselves able and willing to sup-

port their families without it. No office can make a worthless man respectable; and a man of integrity, thrift, and religion, has name enough without badge or office.

6. Men become Indolent through the reverses of fortune. Surely, despondency is a grievous thing, and a heavy load to bear. To see disaster and wreck in the present, and no light in the future; but only storms, lurid by the contrast of past prosperity, and growing darker as they advance;—to wear a constant expectation of woe like a girdle; to see want at the door, imperiously knocking, while there is no strength to repel, or courage to bear its tyranny;—indeed, this is dreadful enough. But there is a thing more dreadful. It is more dreadful if the *man* is wrecked with his fortune. Can anything be more poignant in anticipation, than one's ownself, unnerved, cowed down and slackened to utter pliancy, and helplessly drifting and driven down the troubled sea of life? Of all things on earth, next to his God, a broken man should cling to a courageous Industry. If it brings nothing back, and saves nothing, it will save *him*. To be pressed down by adversity has nothing in it of disgrace; but it is disgraceful to lie down under it like a supple dog. Indeed, to stand composedly in the storm, amidst its rage and wildest devastations; to let it beat over you, and roar around

you, and pass by you, and leave you undismayed,—this is to be a MAN. Adversity is the mint in which God stamps upon us his image and superscription. In this matter men may learn of insects. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself, before he will live without a web;—the bee can be decoyed from his labor neither by plenty nor scarcity. If summer be abundant it toils none the less; if it be parsimonious of flowers, the tiny laborer sweeps a wider circle, and by Industry, repairs the frugality of the season. Man should be ashamed to be rebuked in vain by the spider, the ant, and the bee.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men.

LECTURE II.

Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men. 2 Cor. viii. 21.

Only extraordinary circumstances can give the appearance of dishonesty to an honest man. Usually, not to *seem* honest, is not to *be* so. The quality must not be doubtful like twilight, lingering between night and day and taking hues from both; it must be day-light, clear, and effulgent. This is the doctrine of the Bible: *Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord,* BUT ALSO IN THE SIGHT OF MEN. In general it may be said that no one has honesty without dross, until he has honesty without suspicion.

We are passing through times upon which the seeds of dishonesty have been sown broadcast, and they have brought forth a hundred fold. These times will pass away; but like ones will come again. As physicians study the causes and record the phenomena of plagues and pestilences, to draw

from them an antidote against their recurrence, so should we leave to another generation a history of moral plagues, as the best antidote to their recurring malignity.

Upon a land,—capacious beyond measure, whose prodigal soil rewards labor with an unharvestable abundance of exuberant fruits, occupied by a people signalized by enterprise and industry,—there came a summer of prosperity which lingered so long and shone so brightly, that men forgot that winter could ever come. Each day grew brighter. No reins were put upon the imagination. Its dreams passed for realities. Even sober men, touched with wildness, seemed to expect a realization of oriental tales. Upon this bright day came sudden frosts, storms, and blight. Men awoke from gorgeous dreams in the midst of desolation. The harvests of years were swept away in a day. The strongest firms were rent as easily as the oak by lightning. Speculating companies were dispersed as seared leaves from a tree in autumn. Merchants were ruined by thousands; clerks turned adrift by ten thousands. Mechanics were left in idleness. Farmers sighed over flocks and wheat as useless as the stones and dirt. The wide sea of commerce was stagnant; upon the realm of Industry settled down a sullen lethargy.

Out of this reverse swarmed an unnumbered host of dishonest men, like vermin from a carcass. Banks were exploded,—or robbed,—or fleeced by astounding forgeries. Mighty companies, without cohesion, went to pieces, and hordes of wretches snatched up every bale that came ashore. Cities were ransacked by troops of villains. The unparalleled frauds, which sprung like mines on every hand, set every man to trembling lest the next explosion should be under his own feet. Fidelity seemed to have forsaken men. Many that had earned a reputation for sterling honesty were cast so suddenly headlong into wickedness, that man shrank from man. Suspicion overgrew confidence, and the heart bristled with the nettles and thorns of fear and jealousy. Then had almost come to pass the divine delineation of ancient wickedness: *The good man is perished out of the earth: and there is none upright among men: they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net. That they may do evil with both hands earnestly, the prince and the judge ask for a reward: and the great man uttereth his mischievous desire; so they wrap it up. The best of them is a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge.* The world looked upon a continent of inexhaustible fertility, (whose harvest had glutted the markets, and rotted in dis-

use,) filled with lamentation, and its inhabitants wandering like bereaved citizens among the ruins of an earthquake, mourning for children, for houses crushed, and property buried forever.

That no measure might be put to the calamity, the Church of God, which rises a stately tower of refuge to desponding men, seemed now to have lost its power of protection. When the solemn voice of Religion should have gone over the land, as the call of God to guilty man to seek in him their strength; in this time when Religion should have restored sight to the blind, made the lame to walk, and bound up the broken-hearted, she was herself mourning in sackcloth. Out of her courts came the noise of warring sects; some contending against others with bitter warfare; and some, possessed of a demon, wallowed upon the ground foaming and rending themselves. In a time of panic, and disaster, and distress, and crime, the fountain which should have been for the healing of men, cast up its sediments, and gave out a bitter stream of pollution.

In every age, an universal pestilence has hushed the clamor of contention, and cooled the heats of parties; but the greatness of our national calamity seemed only to enkindle the fury of political parties. Contentions never ran with such deep streams and impetuous currents, as amidst the ruin of our indus-

try and prosperity. States were greater debtors to foreign nations, than their citizens were to each other. Both states and citizens shrunk back from their debts, and yet more dishonestly from the taxes necessary to discharge them. The General Government did not escape, but lay becalmed, or pursued its course, like a ship, at every furlong touching the rocks, or beating against the sands. The Capitol trembled with the first waves of a question which is yet to shake the whole land. New questions of exciting qualities perplexed the realm of legislation, and of morals. To all this must be added a manifest decline of family government; an increase of the ratio of popular ignorance; a decrease of reverence for law, and an effeminate administration of it. Popular tumults have been as frequent as freshets in our rivers; and like them, have swept over the land with desolation, and left their filthy slime in the highest places:—upon the press;—upon the legislature;—in the halls of our courts;—and even upon the sacred bench of Justice. If unsettled times foster dishonesty, it should have flourished among us. And it has.

Our nation must expect a periodical return of such convulsions; but experience should steadily curtail their ravages, and remedy their immoral tendencies. Young men have before them lessons

of manifold wisdom taught by the severest of masters—experience. They should be studied; and that they may be, I shall, from this general survey, turn to a specific enumeration of the causes of dishonesty.

1. Some men find in their bosom from the first, a vehement inclination to dishonest ways. Knavish propensities are inherent: born with the child and transmissible from parent to son. The children of a sturdy thief, if taken from him at birth and reared by honest men, would, doubtless, have to contend against a strongly dishonest inclination. Foundlings and orphans under public charitable charge, are more apt to become vicious than other children. They are usually born of low and vicious parents, and inherit their parents' propensities. Only the most thorough moral training can overrule this innate depravity.

2. A child naturally fair-minded, may become dishonest by parental example. He is early taught to be sharp in bargains, and vigilant for every advantage. Little is said about honesty, and much upon shrewd traffic. A dexterous trick, becomes a family anecdote; visitors are regaled with the boy's precocious keenness. Hearing the praise of his exploits, he studies craft, and seeks parental admiration by adroit knaveries. He is taught, for his

safety, that he must not range beyond the law: that would be unprofitable. He calculates his morality thus: *Legal honesty is the best policy*,—dishonesty, then, is a bad bargain—and therefore wrong—everything is wrong which is unthrifty. Whatever profit breaks no legal statute—though it is gained by falsehood, by unfairness, by gloss; through dishonor, unkindness, and an unscrupulous conscience—he considers fair, and says: *The law allows it.* Men may spend a long life without an indictable action, and without an honest one. No law can reach the insidious ways of subtle craft. The law allows, and religion forbids men, to profit by others' misfortunes, to prowl for prey among the ignorant, to overreach the simple, to suck the last life-drops from the bleeding; to hover over men as a vulture over herds, swooping down upon the weak, the straggling, and the weary. The infernal craft of cunning men, turns the law itself to piracy, and works outrageous fraud in the hall of Courts, by the decision of judges, and under the seal of Justice.

3. Dishonesty is learned from one's employers. The boy of honest parents and honestly bred, goes to a trade, or a store, where the employer practises *legal* frauds. The plain honesty of the boy excites roars of laughter among the better taught clerks.

The master tells them that such blundering truthfulness must be pitied; the boy evidently has been neglected, and is not to be ridiculed for what he could not help. At first, it verily pains the youth's scruples, and tinges his face to frame a deliberate dishonesty, to finish, and to polish it. His tongue stammers at a lie; but the example of a rich master, the jeers and gibes of shopmates, with gradual practice, cure all this. He becomes adroit in fleecing customers for his master's sake, and equally dexterous in fleecing his master for his own sake.

4. Extravagance is a prolific source of dishonesty. Extravagance,—which is foolish expense, or expense disproportionate to one's means,—may be found in all grades of society; but it is chiefly apparent among the rich, those aspiring to wealth, and those wishing to be *thought* affluent. Many a young man cheats his business, by transferring his means to theatres, race-courses, expensive parties, and to the nameless and numberless projects of pleasure. The enterprise of others is baffled by the extravagance of their family; for few men can make as much in a year as an extravagant woman can carry on her back in one winter. Some are ambitious of fashionable society, and will gratify their vanity at any expense. This disproportion between means and expense soon brings on a crisis.

The victim is straitened for money; without it he must abandon his rank; for fashionable society remorselessly rejects all butterflies which have lost their brilliant colors. Which shall he choose, honesty and mortifying exclusion, or gaiety purchased by dishonesty? The severity of this choice sometimes sobers the intoxicated brain; and a young man shrinks from the gulf, appalled at the darkness of dishonesty. But to excessive vanity, high-life with or without fraud, is Paradise; and any other life Purgatory. Here many resort to dishonesty without a scruple. It is at this point that public sentiment half sustains dishonesty. It scourges the thief of Necessity, and pities the thief of Fashion.

The struggle with others is on the very ground of honor. A wife led from affluence to frigid penury and neglect; from leisure and luxury to toil and want; daughters, once courted as rich, to be discsteemed when poor,—this is the gloomy prospect, seen through a magic haze of despondency. Honor, love and generosity, strangely bewitched, plead for dishonesty as the only alternative to such suffering. But go, young man, to your wife; tell her the alternative; if she is worthy of you, she will face your poverty with a courage which shall shame your fears, and lead you into its wilderness and through it, all unshrinking. Many there be who went weep-

ing into this desert, and ere long, having found in it the fountains of the purest peace, have thanked God for the pleasures of poverty. But if your wife unmans your resolution, imploring dishonor rather than penury, may God pity and help you! You dwell with a sorceress, and few can resist her wiles.

5. Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of Dishonesty. The Royal Preacher tells us: *The borrower is servant to the lender.* Debt is a rigorous servitude. The debtor learns the cunning tricks, delays, concealments, and frauds, by which slaves evade or cheat their master. He is tempted to make ambiguous statements; pledges, with secret passages of escape; contracts, with fraudulent constructions; lying excuses, and more mendacious promises. He is tempted to elude responsibility; to delay settlements; to prevaricate upon the terms; to resist equity, and devise specious fraud. When the eager creditor would restrain such vagrancy by law, the debtor then thinks himself released from moral obligation, and brought to a legal game, in which it is lawful for the best player to win. He disputes true accounts; he studies subterfuges; extorts provocatious delays; and harbors in every nook, and corner, and passage, of the law's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up, and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every

fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honor; it has made the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud: it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions,—anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten at every point, and the law will put her screws upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dishonesty into which he will not boldly plunge. Some men put their property to the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the frantic tragedy by suicide, or the gallows. Others, in view of the catastrophe, have converted all property to cash, and concealed it. The law's utmost skill, and the creditor's fury, are alike powerless now,—the tree is green and thrifty; its roots drawing a copious supply from some hidden fountain.

Craft has another harbor of resort for the piratical crew of dishonesty; viz.: *putting the property out of the law's reach by a fraudulent conveyance.* Whoever runs in debt, and consumes the equivalent of his indebtedness; whoever is fairly liable to damage for broken contracts; whoever by folly, has incurred debts and lost the benefit of his outlay; whoever is legally obliged to pay for his malice or carelessness; whoever by infidelity to public trusts has made his property a just remuneration for his de-

faults;—whoever of all these, or whoever, under any circumstances, puts out of his hands property, morally or legally due to creditors, is A DISHONEST MAN. The crazy excuses which men render to their consciences, are only such as every villain makes, who is unwilling to look upon the black face of his crimes.

He who will receive a conveyance of property, knowing it to be illusive and fraudulent, is as wicked as the principal; and as much meaner, as the tool and subordinate of villany is meaner than the master who uses him.

If a church, knowing all these facts, or wilfully ignorant of them, allows a member to nestle in the security of the sanctuary; then the act of this robber, and the connivance of the church, are but the two parts of one crime.

6. BANKRUPTCY, although a branch of debt, deserves a separate mention. It sometimes crushes a man's spirit, and sometimes exasperates it. The poignancy of the evil depends much upon the disposition of the creditors; and as much upon the disposition of the victim. Should *they* act with the lenity of Christian men, and *he* with manly honesty, promptly rendering up whatever satisfaction of debt he has,—he may visit the lowest places of human adversity, and find there the light of good men's

esteem, the support of conscience, and the sustenance of religion.

A bankrupt may fall into the hands of men whose tender-mercies are cruel; or his dishonest equivocations may exasperate their temper and provoke every thorn and brier of the law. When men's passions are let loose, especially their avarice whetted by real or imaginary wrong; when there is a rivalry among creditors, lest any one should feast upon the victim more than his share; and they all rush upon him like wolves upon a wounded deer, dragging him down, ripping him open, breast and flank, plunging deep their bloody muzzles to reach the heart and taste blood at the very fountain;—is it strange that resistance is desperate and unscrupulous? At length the sufferer drags his mutilated carcass aside, every nerve and muscle wrung with pain, and his whole body an instrument of agony. He curses the whole inhuman crew with envenomed imprecations; and thenceforth, a brooding misanthrope, he pays back to society, by studied villanies, the legal wrongs which the relentless justice of a few, or his own knavery, have brought upon him.

7. There is a circle of moral dishonesties practised because the LAW allows them. The very anxiety of law to reach the devices of cunning, so perplexes its statutes with exceptions, limitations, and

supplements, that like a castle gradually enlarged for centuries, it has its crevices, dark corners, secret holes and winding passages—an endless harbor for rats and vermin, where no trap can catch them. We are villanously infested with legal rats and rascals, who are able to commit the most flagrant dishonesties with impunity. They can do all of wrong which is profitable, without that part which is actionable. The very ingenuity of these miscreants excites such admiration of their skill, that their life is gilded with a specious respectability. Men profess little esteem for blunt, necessitous thieves, who rob and run away; but for a gentleman who can break the whole of God's law so adroitly, as to leave man's law unbroken; who can indulge in such conservative stealing that his fellow-men award him a rank among honest men for the excessive skill of his dishonesty—for such an one, I fear, there is almost universal sympathy.

8. Political Dishonesty, breeds dishonesty of every kind. It is possible for good men to permit single sins to coëxist with general integrity, where the evil is indulged through ignorance. Once, undoubted Christians were slave-traders. They might be, while unenlightened; but not in our times. A state of mind which will *intend* one fraud, will, upon occasions, intend a thousand. He that

upon one emergency will lie, will be supplied with emergencies. He that will perjure himself to save a friend, will do it, in a desperate juncture, to save himself. The highest Wisdom has informed us that *He that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.* Circumstances may withdraw a politician from temptation to any but political dishonesty; but under temptation, a dishonest politician would be a dishonest cashier,—would be dishonest anywhere, —in anything. The fury which destroys an opponent's character, would stop at nothing, if barriers were thrown down. That which is true of the leaders in politics, is true of subordinates. Political dishonesty in voters runs into general dishonesty, as the rotten speck taints the whole apple. A community whose politics are conducted by a perpetual breach of honesty on both sides, will be tainted by immorality throughout. Men will play the same game in their private affairs, which they have learned to play in public matters. The guile, the crafty vigilance, the dishonest advantage, the cunning sharpness,—the tricks and traps and sly evasions; the equivocal promises, and unequivocal neglect of them, which characterize political action, will equally characterize private action. The mind has no kitchen to do its dirty work in, while the parlor remains clean. Dishonesty is an atmosphere;

if it comes into one apartment, it penetrates into every one. Whoever will lie in politics, will lie in traffic. Whoever will slander in politics, will slander in personal squabbles. A professor of religion who is a dishonest politician, is a dishonest Christian. His creed is a perpetual index of his hypocrisy.

The genius of our government directs the attention of every citizen to politics. Its spirit reaches the uttermost bound of society, and pervades the whole mass. If its channels are slimy with corruption, what limit can be set to its malign influence? The turbulence of elections, the virulence of the press, the desperation of bad men, the hoplessness of efforts which are not cunning, but only honest, have driven many conscientious men from any concern with politics. This is suicidal. Thus the tempest will grow blacker and fiercer. Our youth will be caught up in its whirling bosom and dashed to pieces, and its hail will break down every green thing. At God's house the cure should begin. Let the hand of discipline smite the leprous lips which shall utter the profane heresy: *All is fair in politics.* If any hoary professor, drunk with the mingled wine of excitement, shall tell our youth, that a Christian man may act in politics by any other rule of morality than that of the Bible; and that wickedness performed for a party, is not as abominable,

as if done for a man; or that any necessity justifies or palliates dishonesty in word or deed,—let such an one go out of the camp, and his pestilent breath no longer spread contagion among our youth. No man who loves his country, should shrink from her side when she groans with raging distempers. Let every Christian man stand in his place; rebuke every dishonest practice; scorn a political as well as a personal lie; and refuse with indignation to be insulted by the solicitation of an immoral man. Let good men of all parties require honesty, integrity, veracity, and morality in politics, and there, as powerfully as anywhere else, the requisitions of public sentiment will ultimately be felt.

9. A corrupt PUBLIC SENTIMENT produces dishonesty. A public sentiment, in which dishonesty is not disgraceful; in which bad men are respectable, are trusted, are honored, are exalted—is a curse to the young. The fever of speculation, the universal derangement of business, the growing laxness of morals, is, to an alarming extent, introducing such a state of things. Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty

years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness;—in evil he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young; —to domestic fidelity, a recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite;—base in all that is worthy of man, and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful; and yet this wretch could go where he would; enter good men's dwellings, and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves, cannot breed honest men.

Any calamity, civil or commercial, which checks the administration of justice between man and man, is ruinous to honesty. The violent fluctuations of business cover the ground with rubbish over which men stumble; and fill the air with dust, in which all the shapes of honesty appear distorted. Men are thrown upon unusual expedients; dishonesties are unobserved; those who have been reckless and profuse, stave off the legitimate fruits of their folly by desperate shifts. We have not yet emerged from a period, in which debts were insecure; the debtor

legally protected against the rights of the creditor; taxes laid, not by the requirements of justice, but for political effect; and lowered to a dishonest insufficiency; and when thus diminished, not collected; the citizens resisting their own officers; officers resigning at the bidding of the electors; the laws of property paralyzed; bankrupt laws built up; and stay-laws unconstitutionally enacted, upon which the courts look with aversion, yet fear to deny them, lest the wildness of popular opinion should roll back disdainfully upon the bench, to despoil its dignity, and prostrate its power. General suffering has made us tolerant of general dishonesty; and the gloom of our commercial disaster threatens to become the pall of our morals.

If the shocking stupidity of the public mind to atrocious dishonesties is not aroused; if good men do not bestir themselves to drag the young from this foul sorcery; if the relaxed bands of honesty are not tightened, and conscience intoned to a severer morality, our night is at hand,—our midnight not far off. Woe to that guilty people who sit down upon broken laws, and wealth saved by injustice! Woe to a generation fed upon the bread of fraud, whose children's inheritance shall be a perpetual memento of their fathers' unrighteousness; to whom dishonesty shall be made pleasant by association

with the revered memories of father, brother, and friend!

But when a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors; and States vie with States in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of a Commonwealth; then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend, before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the causes of growing dishonesty among the young, and the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments?

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have at length ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and runaway cashier—its duel and defaulter; and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so the villanies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

The mania of dishonesty cannot arise from local

causes; it is the result of disease in the whole community; an eruption betokening foulness of the blood; blotches symptomatic of a disordered system.

10. FINANCIAL AGENTS are especially liable to the temptations of Dishonesty. Safe merchants, and visionary schemers; sagacious adventurers, and rash speculators; frugal beginners, and retired millionaires, are constantly around them. Every word, every act, every entry, every letter, suggests only wealth—its germ, its bud, its blossom, its golden harvest. Its brilliance dazzles the sight; its seductions stir the appetites; its power fires the ambition, and the soul concentrates its energies to obtain wealth, as life's highest and only joy.

Besides the influence of such associations, direct dealing in *money* as a commodity, has a peculiar effect upon the heart. There is no property between it and the mind;—no medium to mellow its light. The mind is diverted and refreshed by no thoughts upon the quality of soils; the durability of structures; the advantages of sites; the beauty of fabrics; it is not invigorated by the necessity of labor and ingenuity which the mechanic feels; by the invention of the artisan, or the taste of the artist. The whole attention falls directly upon naked Money. The hourly sight of it whets the appetite, and sharpens it to avarice. Thus with an intense

regard of riches, steals in also the miser's relish of coin—that insatiate gazing and fondling, by which seductive metal wins to itself all the blandishments of love.

Those who *mean* to be rich, often begin by imitating the expensive courses of those who *are* rich. They are also tempted to venture, before they have means of their own, in brilliant speculations. How can a young cashier pay the drafts of his illicit pleasures, or procure the seed, for the harvest of speculation, out of his narrow salary? Here first begins to work the leaven of death. The mind wanders in dreams of gain; it broods over projects of unlawful riches; stealthily at first, and then with less reserve; at last it boldly meditates the possibility of being dishonest and *safe*. When a man can seriously reflect upon dishonesty as a possible and profitable thing, he is already deeply dishonest. To a mind so tainted, will flock stories of consummate craft, of effective knavery, of fraud covered by its brilliant success. At times, the mind shrinks from its own thoughts, and trembles to look down the giddy cliff on whose edge they poise, or over which they fling themselves like sporting sea-birds. But these imaginations will not be driven from the heart where they have once nested. They haunt a man's business, visit him in dreams, and vampire-

like, fan the slumbers of the victim whom they will destroy. In some feverish hour, vibrating between conscience and avarice, the man staggers to a compromise. To satisfy his conscience he refuses to *steal;* and to gratify his avarice, he *borrows* the funds;—not openly—not of owners—not of men: but of the till—the safe—the vault!

He resolves to restore the money before discovery can ensue, and pocket the profits. Meanwhile, false entries are made, perjured oaths are sworn, forged papers are filed. His expenses grow profuse, and men wonder from what fountain so copious a stream can flow.

Let us stop here to survey his condition. He flourishes, is called prosperous, thinks himself safe. Is he safe, or honest? He has stolen, and embarked the amount upon a sea over which wander perpetual storms; where wreck is the common fate, and escape the accident; and now all his chance for the semblance of honesty, is staked upon the return of his embezzlements from among the sands, the rocks and currents, the winds and waves, and darkness, of tumultuous speculation. At length dawns the day of discovery. His guilty dreams have long foretokened it. As he confronts the disgrace almost face to face, how changed is the hideous aspect of his deed, from that fair face of promise with which it tempted

him! Conscience, and honor, and plain honesty, which left him when they could not restrain, now come back to sharpen his anguish. Overawed by the prospect of open shame, of his wife's disgrace, and his children's beggary, he cows down, and slinks out of life a frantic suicide.

Some there be, however, less supple to shame. They meet their fate with cool impudence; defy their employers; brave the court, and too often with success. The delusion of the public mind, or the confusion of affairs is such, that, while petty culprits are tumbled into prison, a cool, calculating and immense scoundrel is pitied, dandled and nursed by a sympathizing community. In the broad road slanting to the rogue's retreat, are seen the officer of the bank, the agent of the state, the officer of the church, in indiscriminate haste, outrunning a lazy justice, and bearing off the gains of astounding frauds. Avarice and pleasure seem to have dissolved the conscience. *It is a day of trouble and of perplexity from the Lord.* We tremble to think that our children must leave the covert of the family, and go out upon that dark and yesty sea, from whose wrath so many wrecks are cast up at our feet. Of one thing I am certain; if the church of Christ is silent to such deeds, and makes her altar a refuge to such dishonesty, the day is coming when

she shall have no altar, the light shall go out from her candlestick, her walls shall be desolate, and the fox look out at her windows.

11. Executive clemency, by its frequency, has been a temptation to Dishonesty. Who will fear to be a culprit when a legal sentence is the argument of pity, and the prelude of pardon? What can the community expect but growing dishonesty, when juries connive at acquittals, and judges condemn only to petition a pardon; when honest men and officers fly before a mob; when jails are besieged and threatened, if felons are not relinquished; when the Executive, consulting the spirit of the community, receives the demands of the mob, and humbly complies, throwing down the fences of the law, that base rioters may walk unimpeded, to their work of vengeance, or unjust mercy? A sickly sentimentality too often enervates the administration of justice; and the pardoning power becomes the master-key to let out unwashed, unrepentant criminals. They have fleeced us, robbed us, and are ulcerous sores to the body politic; yet our heart turns to water over their merited punishment. A fine young fellow, by accident, writes another's name for his own; by a mistake equally unfortunate, he presents it at the bank; innocently draws out the large amount; generously spends a part, and absent-mindedly hides

the rest. Hard-hearted wretches there are, who would punish him for this! Young men, admiring the neatness of the affair, pity his misfortune, and curse a stupid jury that knew no better than to send to a penitentiary, him, whose skill deserved a cashiership. He goes to his cell, the pity of a whole metropolis. Bulletins from Sing-Sing inform us daily what Edwards is doing, as if he were Napoleon at St. Helena. At length pardoned, he will go forth again to a renowned liberty!

If there be one way quicker than another, by which the Executive shall assist crime, and our laws foster it, it is that course which assures every dishonest man, that it is easy to defraud, easy to avoid arrest, easy to escape punishment, and easiest of all to obtain a pardon.

12. Commercial speculations are prolific of Dishonesty. Speculation is the risking of capital in enterprises greater than we can control, or in enterprises whose elements are not at all calculable. All calculations of the future are uncertain; but those which are based upon long experience approximate certainty, while those which are drawn by sagacity from probable events, are notoriously unsafe. Unless, however, some venture, we shall forever tread an old and dull path; therefore enterprise is allowed to pioneer new ways. The safe enterpriser explores

cautiously, ventures at first a little, and increases the venture with the ratio of experience. A speculator looks out upon the new region, as upon a far-away landscape, whose features are softened to beauty by distance; upon a *hope*, he stakes that, which, if it wins, will make him; and if it loses, will ruin him. When the alternatives are victory, or utter destruction, a battle may, sometimes, still be necessary. But commerce has no such alternatives; only speculation proceeds upon them.

If the capital is borrowed, it is as dishonest, upon such ventures, to risk, as to lose it. Should a man borrow a noble steed and ride among incitements which he knew would rouse up his fiery spirit to an uncontrolable height, and borne away with wild speed, be plunged over a precipice, his destruction might excite our pity, but could not alter our opinion of his dishonesty. He borrowed property, and endangered it where he knew that it would be uncontrolable.

If the capital be one's own, it can scarcely be risked and lost, without the ruin of other men. No man could blow up his store in a compact street, and destroy only his own. Men of business are, like threads of a fabric, woven together, and subject, to a great extent, to a common fate of prosperity or adversity. I have no right to cut off my hand;

I defraud myself, my family, the community, and God; for all these have an interest in that hand. Neither has a man the right to throw away his property. He defrauds himself, his family, the community in which he dwells; for all these have an interest in that property. If waste is dishonesty, then every risk, in proportion as it approaches it, is dishonest. To venture, without that foresight which experience gives, is wrong; and if we cannot foresee, then we must not venture.

Scheming speculation demoralizes honesty, and almost necessitates dishonesty. He who puts his own interests to rash ventures, will scarcely do better for others. The Speculator regards the weightiest affair as only a splendid game. Indeed, a Speculator on the exchange, and a Gambler at his table, follow one vocation, only with different instruments. One employs cards or dice, the other property. The one can no more foresee the result of his schemes, than the other what spots will come up on his dice; the calculations of both are only the chances of luck. Both burn with unhealthy excitement; both are avaricious of gains, but careless of what they win; both depend more upon fortune than skill; they have a common distaste for labor; with each, right and wrong are only the accidents of a game; neither would scruple in any honest way to get his

whole being on the edge of ruin, and going over, to pull down, if possible, a hundred others.

The wreck of such men leaves them with a drunkard's appetite, and a fiend's desperation. The revulsion from extravagant hopes, to a certainty of midnight darkness; the sensations of poverty, to him who was in fancy just stepping upon a princely estate; the humiliation of gleaning for cents, where he has been profuse of dollars; the chagrin of seeing old competitors now above him, grinning down upon his poverty a malignant triumph; the pity of pitiful men, and the neglect of such as should have been his friends,—and who were, while the sunshine lay upon his path,—all these things, like so many strong winds, sweep across the soul so that it cannot rest in the cheerless tranquillity of honesty, but *casts up mire and dirt.* How stately the balloon rises and sails over continents, as over petty landscapes! The slightest slit in its frail covering, sends it tumbling down, swaying widely, whirling and pitching hither and thither, until it plunges into some dark glen, out of the path of honest men, and too shattered to tempt even a robber. So have we seen a thousand men pitched down; so now, in a thousand places may their wrecks be seen. But still other balloons are framing, and the air is full of victim-venturers.

If our young men are introduced to life with distaste for safe ways, because the sure profits are slow; if the opinion becomes prevalent that all business is great, only as it tends to the uncertain, the extravagant, and the romantic; then we may stay our hand at once, nor waste labor in absurd expostulations of honesty. I had as lief preach humanity to a battle of eagles, as to urge honesty and integrity upon those who have *determined* to be rich, and to gain it by gambling stakes, and madmen's ventures.

All the bankruptcies of commerce are harmless compared with a bankruptcy of public morals. Should the Atlantic ocean break over our shores, and roll sheer across to the Pacific, sweeping every vestige of cultivation, and burying our wealth, it would be a mercy, compared to that ocean-deluge of dishonesty and crime, which, sweeping over the whole land, has spared our wealth and taken our virtue. What are cornfields and vineyards, what are stores and manufactures, and what are gold and silver, and all the precious commodities of the earth, among beasts?—and what are men, bereft of conscience and honor, but beasts?

We will forget those things which are behind, and hope a more cheerful future. We turn to you, YOUNG MEN!—All good men, all patriots, turn to

watch your advance upon the stage, and to implore you to be worthy of yourselves, and of your revered ancestry. Oh! ye favored of Heaven! with a free land, a noble inheritance of wise laws, and a prodigality of wealth in prospect,—advance to your possessions!—May you settle down, as did Israel of old, a people of God in a promised and protected land; —true to yourselves, true to your country, and true to your God.

LECTURE III.

The generation of the upright shall be blessed, wealth and riches shall be in his house. Ps. cxii. 2, 3.

He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool. Jer. xvii. 11.

When justly obtained, and rationally used, riches are called a gift of God, an evidence of his favor, and a great reward. When gathered unjustly, and corruptly used, wealth is pronounced a canker, a rust, a fire, a curse. There is no contradiction, then, when the Bible persuades to industry, and integrity, by a promise of riches; and then dissuades from wealth, as a terrible thing, destroying soul and body. Blessings are vindictive to abusers, and kind to rightful users;—they serve us, or rule us. Fire warms our dwelling, or consumes it. Steam serves man, and also destroys him. Iron, in the plough, the sickle, the house, the ship, is indispensable. The dirk, the assassin's knife, the cruel sword and the spear, are iron also.

The constitution of man, and of society, alike

evinces the design of God. Both are made to be happier by the possession of riches;—their full development and perfection are dependent, to a large extent, upon wealth. Without it, there can be neither books nor implements; neither commerce nor arts, neither towns nor cities. It is a folly to denounce that, a love of which God has placed in man by a constitutional faculty; that, with which he has associated high grades of happiness; that, which has motives touching every faculty of the mind. Wealth is an ARTIST: by its patronage men are encouraged to paint, to carve, to design, to build and adorn;—A MASTER-MECHANIC: and inspires man to invent, to discover, to apply, to forge, and to fashion:—A HUSBANDMAN: and under its influence men rear the flock, till the earth, plant the vineyard, the field, the orchard, and the garden:—A MANUFACTURER: and teaches men to card, to spin, to weave, to color and dress all useful fabrics:—A MERCHANT: and sends forth ships, and fills ware-houses with their returning cargoes gathered from every zone. It is the scholar's PATRON; sustains his leisure, rewards his labor, builds the college, and gathers the library.

Is a man weak?—he can buy the strong. Is he ignorant?—the learned will serve his wealth. Is he rude of speech?—he may procure the advocacy

of the eloquent. The rich cannot buy honor, but honorable places they can; they cannot purchase nobility, but they may its titles. Money cannot buy freshness of heart, but it can every luxury which tempts to enjoyment. Laws are its body-guard, and no earthly power may safely defy it; either while running in the swift channels of commerce, or reposing in the reservoirs of ancient families. Here is a wonderful thing, that an inert metal, which neither thinks, nor feels, nor stirs, can set the whole world to thinking, planning, running, digging, fashioning, and drives on the sweaty mass with never-ending labors!

Avarice seeks gold, not to build or buy therewith; not to clothe or feed itself; not to make it an instrument of wisdom, of skill, of friendship, or religion. Avarice seeks it to heap it up; to walk around the pile, and gloat upon it; to fondle, and court, to kiss and hug the darling stuff to the end of life, with the homage of idolatry.

Pride seeks it;—for it gives power, and place, and titles, and exalts its possessor above his fellows. To be a thread in the fabric of life, just like any other thread, hoisted up and down by the treddle, played across by the shuttle, and woven tightly into the piece, this may suit humility, but not pride.

Vanity seeks it;—what else can give it costly

clothing, and rare ornaments, and stately dwellings, and showy equipage, and attract admiring eyes to its gaudy colors and costly jewels?

Taste seeks it;—because by it, may be had whatever is beautiful, or refining, or instructive. What leisure has poverty for study, and how can it collect books, manuscripts, pictures, statues, coins, or curiosities?

Love seeks it;—to build a home full of delights for father, wife or child; and, wisest of all,

Religion seeks it;—to make it the messenger and servant of benevolence, to want, to suffering, and to ignorance.

What a sight does the busy world present, as of a great workshop, where hope and fear, love and pride, and lust, and pleasure, and avarice, separate or in partnership, drive on the universal race for wealth: delving in the mine, digging in the earth, sweltering at the forge, plying the shuttle, ploughing the waters; in houses, in shops, in stores, on the mountain-side, or in the valley; by skill, by labor, by thought, by craft, by force, by traffic; all men, in all places, by all labors, fair and unfair, the world around, busy, busy; ever searching for wealth that wealth may supply their pleasures.

As every taste and inclination may receive its gratification through riches, the universal and often

fierce pursuit of it arises, not from the single impulse of avarice, but from the impulse of the whole mind; and on this very account, its pursuits should be more exactly regulated. Let me set up a warning over against the special dangers which lie along the ROAD TO RICHES.

I. I warn you against thinking that riches *necessarily* confer happiness; and poverty, unhappiness. Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich, when you are purse-rich. A man's happiness depends primarily upon his *disposition;* if that be good, riches will bring pleasure; but only vexation, if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of one's self for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper and giggle:—can wealth make VANITY happy by such folly? If wealth descends upon AVARICE, does it confer happiness? It blights the heart, as autumnal fires ravage the prairies! The eye glows with greedy cunning, conscience shrivels, the light of love goes out, and the wretch moves amidst his coin no better, no happier than a loathsome reptile in a mine of gold. A dreary fire of self-love burns in the bosom of the avaricious rich, as a hermit's flame in a ruined temple of the

desert. The fire is kindled for no deity, and is odorous with no incense, but only warms the shivering anchorite.

Wealth will do little for LUST, but to hasten its corruption. There is no more happiness in a foul heart, than there is health in a pestilent morass. Satisfaction is not made out of such stuff as fighting carousals, obscene revelry, and midnight orgies. An alligator, gorging or swoln with surfeit and basking in the sun, has the same happiness which riches bring to the man who eats to gluttony, drinks to drunkenness, and sleeps to stupidity. But riches indeed bless that heart whose almoner is BENEVOLENCE. If the taste is refined, if the affections are pure, if conscience is honest, if charity listens to the needy, and generosity relieves them; if the public-spirited hand fosters all that embellishes and all that ennobles society—then is the rich man happy.

On the other hand, do not suppose that poverty is a waste and howling wilderness. There is a poverty of vice—mean, loathsome, covered with all the sores of depravity. There is a poverty of indolence—where virtues sleep, and passions fret and bicker. There is a poverty which despondency makes—a deep dungeon, in which the victim wears hopeless chains. May God save you from that! There is a spiteful and venomous poverty, in which mean and

cankered hearts, repairing none of their own losses, spit at others' prosperity, and curse the rich,—themselves doubly cursed by their own hearts.

But there is a contented poverty, in which industry and peace rule; and a joyful hope, which looks out into another world where riches shall neither fly nor fade. This poverty may possess an independent mind, a heart ambitious of usefulness, a hand quick to sow the seed of other men's happiness, and find its own joy in their enjoyment. If a serene age finds you in such poverty, it is such a wilderness, if it be a wilderness, as that in which God led his chosen people, and on which he rained every day a heavenly manna.

If God open to your feet the way to wealth, enter it cheerfully; but remember that riches will bless or curse you, as your own heart determines. But if circumscribed by necessity, you are still indigent, after all your industry, do not scorn poverty. There is often in the hut more dignity than in the palace; more satisfaction in the poor man's scanty fare than in the rich man's satiety.

II. Men are warned in the Bible against making HASTE TO BE RICH. *He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.* This is spoken, not of the alacrity of enterprise, but of the precipitancy of avarice. That

is an evil eye which leads a man into trouble by incorrect vision. When a man seeks to prosper by crafty tricks instead of careful industry; when a man's inordinate covetousness pushes him across all lines of honesty that he may sooner clutch the prize; when gambling speculation would reap where it had not strewn; when men gain riches by crimes—*there is an* EVIL EYE, which guides them through a specious prosperity, to inevitable ruin. So dependent is success upon patient industry, that he who seeks it otherwise, tempts his own ruin. A young lawyer, unwilling to wait for that practice which rewards a good reputation, or unwilling to earn that reputation by severe application, rushes through all the dirty paths of chicane to a hasty prosperity; and he rushes out of it, by the dirtier paths of discovered villany. A young politician, scarcely waiting till the law allows his majority, sturdily *begs* for that popularity which he should have patiently *earned.* In the ferocious conflicts of political life, cunning, intrigue, falsehood, slander, vituperative violence, at first sustain his pretensions, and at last demolish them. It is thus in all the ways of traffic, in all the arts, and trades. That prosperity which grows like the mushroom, is as poisonous as the mushroom. Few men are destroyed; but many destroy themselves.

When God sends wealth to *bless* men he sends it gradually like a gentle rain. When God sends riches to *punish* men, they come tumultuously, like a roaring torrent, tearing up landmarks and sweeping all before them in promiscuous ruin. Almost every evil which environs the path to wealth, springs from that criminal haste which substitutes adroitness for industry, and trick for toil.

III. Let me warn you against COVETOUSNESS. *Thou shalt not covet*, is the law by which God sought to bless a favorite people. Covetousness is greediness of money. The Bible meets it with significant *woes*,* by God's *hatred*,† by solemn *warnings*,‡ by *denunciations*,§ by *exclusion from Heaven*.‖ This pecuniary gluttony comes upon the competitors for wealth insidiously. At first, business is only a means of paying for our pleasures. Vanity soon whets the appetite for money, to sustain her parade and competition, to gratify her piques and jealousies. Pride throws in fuel for a brighter flame. Vindictive hatreds often augment the passion, until the whole soul glows as a fervid furnace, and the body is driven as a boat whose ponderous engine trembles with the utmost energy of steam.

Covetousness is unprofitable. It defeats its own

* Hab. ii. 9. † Ps. x. 3. ‡ Luke xii. 15. § 1 Cor. v. 10, 11. Isai. vii. 17. ‖ 1 Cor. vi. 10.

purposes. It breeds restless daring, where it is dangerous to venture. It works the mind to fever, so that its judgments are not cool, nor its calculations calm. Greed of money is like fire; the more fuel it has, the hotter it burns. Everything conspires to intensify the heat. Loss excites by desperation, and gain by exhilaration. When there is fever in the blood, there is fire on the brain; and courage turns to rashness, and rashness runs to ruin.

Covetousness breeds misery. The sight of houses better than our own, of dress beyond our means, of jewels costlier than we may wear, of stately equipage, and rare curiosities beyond our reach, these hatch the viper brood of covetous thoughts; vexing the poor—who would be rich; tormenting the rich —who would be richer. The covetous man pines to see pleasure; is sad in the presence of cheerfulness; and the joy of the world is his sorrow, because all the happiness of others is not his. I do not wonder that God *abhors** him. He inspects his heart, as he would a cave full of noisome birds, or a nest of rattling reptiles, and loathes the sight of its crawling tenants. To the covetous man life is a nightmare, and God lets him wrestle with it as best he may. Mammon might build its palace on such a heart, and Pleasure bring all its revelry there, and

* Ps. x. 3.

Honor all its garlands—it would be like pleasures in a sepulchre, and garlands on a tomb.

The creed of the greedy man is brief and consistent; and unlike other creeds, is both subscribed and believed. *The chief end of man is to glorify* GOLD *and enjoy it forever: life is a time afforded man to grow rich in: death, the winding up of speculations: heaven, a mart with golden streets: hell, a place where shiftless men are punished with everlasting poverty.*

God searched among the beasts for a fit emblem of contempt, to describe the end of a covetous prince: *He shall be buried with the burial of an Ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.** He whose heart is turned to greediness, who sweats through life under the load of labor only to heap up money, and dies without private usefulness, or a record of public service, is no better, in God's estimation, than a pack-horse,—a mule,—an ass; a creature for burdens, to be beaten, and worked and killed, and dragged off by another like him, abandoned to the birds and forgotten.

HE IS BURIED WITH THE BURIAL OF AN ASS! This is the MISER'S EPITAPH—and yours, YOUNG MAN! if you earn it by *covetousness!*

IV. I warn you against SELFISHNESS. Of riches

* Jer. xxii. 19.

it is written: *There is no good in them but for a man to rejoice and to do good in his life.* If men absorb their property, it parches the heart so that it will not give forth blossoms and fruits, but only thorns and thistles. If men radiate and reflect upon others some rays of the prosperity which shines upon themselves, wealth is not only harmless, but full of advantage.

The thoroughfares of wealth are crowded by a throng who jostle, and thrust, and conflict, like men in the tumult of a battle. The rules which crafty old men breathe into the ears of the young are full of selfish wisdom;—teaching them that the chief end of man is to harvest, to husband, and to hoard. Their life is made obedient to a scale of preferences graded from a sordid experience; a scale which has penury for one extreme, and parsimony for the other; and the virtues are ranked between them as they are relatively fruitful in physical thrift. Every crevice of the heart is caulked with costive maxims, so that no precious drop of wealth may leak out through inadvertent generosities. Indeed, generosity and all its company are thought to be little better than pilfering picklocks, against whose wiles the heart is prepared, like a coin-vault, with iron-clenched walls of stone, and impenetrable doors. Mercy, pity, and sympathy, are vagrant fowls; and

that they may not scale the fence between a man and his neighbors, their wings are clipped by the miser's master-maxim—CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME. It certainly *stays* there.

The habit of regarding men as dishonest rivals, dries up, also, the kindlier feelings. A shrewd trafficker must watch his fellows, be suspicious of their proffers, vigilant of their movements, and jealous of their pledges. The world's way is a very crooked way, and a very guileful one. Its travellers creep by stealth, or walk craftily, or glide in concealments, or appear in specious guises. He who stands out-watching among men, to pluck his advantage from their hands, or to lose it by their wiles, comes at length to regard all men as either enemies or instruments. Of course he thinks it fair to strip an enemy; and just as fair to use an instrument. Men are no more to him than bales, boxes, or goods—mere matters of traffic. If he ever relaxes his commercial rigidity to indulge in the fictions of poetry, it is when, perhaps on Sundays or at a funeral, he talks quite prettily about friendship, and generosity, and philanthropy. The tightest ship may leak in a storm, and an unbartered penny may escape from this man, when the surprise of the solicitation gives no time for thought.

The heart cannot wholly petrify without some

honest revulsions. Opiates are administered to it. This business-man tells his heart that it is beset by unscrupulous enemies; that beneficent virtues are doors to let them in; that liberality is bread given to one's foes; and selfishness only self-defence. At the same time, he enriches the *future* with generous promises. While he is getting rich, he cannot afford to be liberal; but when once he *is* rich, ah! how liberal he means to be!—as though habits could be unbuckled like a girdle, and were not rather steel-bands riveted, defying the edge of any man's resolution, and clasping the heart with invincible servitude!

Thorough selfishness destroys or paralyzes enjoyment. A heart made selfish by the contest for wealth is like a citadel stormed in war. The banner of victory waves over dilapidated walls, desolate chambers, and magazines riddled with artillery. Men, covered with sweat, and begrimed with toil, expect to find joy in a heart reduced by selfishness to a smouldering heap of ruins.

I warn every aspirant for wealth against the infernal canker of selfishness. It will eat out of the heart with the fire of hell, or bake it harder than a stone. The heart of avaricious old age stands like a bare rock in a bleak wilderness, and there is no rod of authority, nor incantation of pleasure, which

can draw from it one crystal drop to quench the raging thirst for satisfaction. But listen not to *my* words alone; hear the solemn voice of God, pronouncing doom upon the selfish: *Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire.**

V. I warn you against seeking wealth by covert dishonesty. The everlasting plea of petty fraud or open dishonesty, is, its *necessity or profitableness.*

It is neither necessary nor profitable. The hope is a deception, and the excuse a lie. The severity of competition affords no reason for dishonesty in word or deed. Competition is fair, but not all *methods* of competition. A mechanic may compete with a mechanic, by rising earlier, by greater industry, by greater skill, more punctuality, greater thoroughness, by employing better materials; by a more scrupulous fidelity to promises, and by facility in accommodation. A merchant may study to excel competitors, by a better selection of goods, by more obliging manners, by more rigid honesty, by a better knowledge of the market, by better taste in the arrangement of his goods. Industry, honesty, kind-

* James v. 2, 3.

ness, taste, genius and skill, are the only materials of all rightful competition.

But whenever you have exerted all your knowledge, all your skill, all your industry, with long continued patience and without success, then, it is clear, not that you may proceed to employ trick and cunning, but that you must STOP. God has put before you a bound which no man may overleap. There may be the appearance of gain on the knavish side of the wall of honor. Traps are always baited with food sweet to the taste of the intended victim; and Satan is too crafty a trapper not to scatter the pitfall of dishonesty with some shining particles of gold.

But what if fraud *were* necessary to permanent success? will you take success upon such terms? I perceive, too often, that young men regard the argument as ended, when they prove to themselves that they cannot be rich *without* guile. Very well; then be poor. But if you prefer money to honor, you may well swear fidelity to the villain's law! If it is not base and detestable to gain by equivocation, neither is it by lying; and if not by lying, neither is it by stealing; and if not by stealing, neither by robbery or murder. Will you tolerate the loss of honor and honesty for the sake of profit? For exactly this, Judas betrayed Christ, and Arnold

his country Because it is the only way to gain some pleasure, may a wife yield her honor?—a politician sell himself?—a statesman barter his counsel?—a judge take bribes?—a juryman forswear himself?—or a witness commit perjury? Then virtues are marketable commodities, and may be hung up, like meat in the shambles, or sold at auction to the highest bidder.

Who can afford a victory gained by a defeat of his virtue? What prosperity can compensate the plundering of a man's heart? *A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches:* sooner or later every man will find it so.

With what dismay would Esau have sorrowed for a lost birthright, had he lost also the pitiful mess of pottage for which he sold it? With what double despair would Judas have clutched at death, if he had not obtained even the thirty pieces of silver which were to pay his infamy? And with what utter confusion will all dishonest men, who were learning of the Devil to defraud other men, find at length, that he was giving his most finished lesson of deception,—by cheating *them!* and making poverty and disgrace the only fruit of the lies and frauds which were framed for *profit! Getting treasure by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death.*

Men have only looked upon the *beginning* of a career when they pronounce upon the profitableness of dishonesty. Many a ship goes gaily out of harbor which never returns again. That only is a good voyage which brings *home* the richly freighted ship. God explicitly declares that an inevitable curse of dishonesty shall fall upon the criminal himself, or upon his children: *He that by usury, and unjust gain, increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor. His children are far from safety, and they are crushed in the gate. Neither is there any to deliver them: the robber swalloweth up their substance.*

Iniquities, whose end is dark as midnight, are permitted to open bright as the morning; the most poisonous bud unfolds with brilliant colors. So the threshold of perdition is burnished till it glows like the gate of paradise. *There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death.* This is dishonesty described to the life. At first you look down upon a smooth and verdant path covered with flowers, perfumed with odors, and overhung with fruits and grateful shade. Its long perspective is illusive; for it ends quickly in a precipice, over which you pitch into irretrievable ruin.

For the sources of this inevitable disaster, we need

look no further than the effect of dishonesty upon a man's own mind. The difference between cunning and wisdom, is the difference between acting by the certain and immutable laws of nature, and acting by the shifts of temporary expedients. An honest man puts his prosperity upon the broad current of those laws which govern the world. A crafty man means to pry between them, to steer across them, to take advantage of them. An honest man steers by God's chart; and a dishonest man by his own. Which is the most liable to perplexities and fatal mistakes of judgment? Wisdom steadily ripens to the end; cunning is worm-bitten, and soon drops from the tree.

I could repeat the names of many men, (every village has such, and they swarm in cities,) who are skilful, indefatigable, but audaciously dishonest; and for a time they seemed going straight forward to the realm of wealth. I never knew a single one to avoid ultimate ruin. Men who act under dishonest passions, are like men riding fierce horses. It is not always with the rider when or where he shall stop. If for his sake, the steed dashes wildly on while the road is smooth; so, turning suddenly into a rough and dangerous way, the rider must go madly forward for the steed's sake,—now chafed, his mettle up, his eye afire, and beast and burden like a bolt

speeding through the air, until some bound or sudden fall tumble both to the ground—a crushed and mangled mass.

A man pursuing plain ends by honest means may be *troubled on every side, yet not distressed: perplexed, but not in despair: persecuted, but not forsaken: cast down, but not destroyed.* But those that pursue their advantage by a round of dishonesties, *when fear cometh as a desolation, and destruction as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish come upon them, . . . shall eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices; for the turning away of the simple shall slay them; and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them.*

VI. The Bible overflows with warnings to those who gain wealth by violent extortion, or by any flagrant villany. Some men stealthily slip from under them the possessions of the poor. Some beguile the simple and heedless of their patrimony. Some tyrannize over ignorance, and extort from it its fair domains. Some steal away the senses, and intoxicate the mind—the more readily and largely to cheat; some set their traps in all the dark places of men's adversity, and prowl for wrecks all along the shores on which men's fortunes go to pieces. Men will take advantage of extreme misery, to wring it with more griping tortures, and compel it to the

extremest sacrifices; and stop only when no more can be borne by the sufferer, or nothing more extracted by the usurer. The earth is as full of avaricious monsters, as the tropical forests are of beasts of prey. But amid all the lions, and tigers, and hyenas, is seen the stately bulk of three huge BEHEMOTHS.

The first BEHEMOTH is that incarnate fiend who navigates the ocean to traffic in human misery and freight with the groans and tears of agony. Distant shores are sought with cords and manacles; villages surprised with torch and sword; and the loathsome ship swallows what the sword and the fire have spared. By night and day the voyage speeds, and the storm spares wretches more relentless than itself. The wind wafts and the sun lights the path for a ship whose log is written in blood. Hideous profits, dripping red, even at this hour, lure these infernal miscreants to their remorseless errands. The thirst of gold inspires such courage, skill, and cunning vigilance, that the thunders of four allied navies cannot sink the infamous fleet.

What wonder? Just such a BEHEMOTH of rapacity stalks among US, and fattens on the blood of our sons. Men there are, who, without a pang or gleam of remorse, will coolly wait for character to rot, and health to sink, and means to melt, that they may suck up the last drop of the victim's blood. Our

streets are full of reeling wretches whose bodies and manhood and souls have been crushed and put to the press, that monsters might wring out of them a wine for their infernal thirst. The agony of midnight massacre, the phrensy of the ship's dungeon, the living death of the middle passage, the wails of separation, and the dismal torpor of hopeless servitude—are these found only in the piracy of the slave trade? They all are among us! worse assassinations! worse dragging to a prison-ship! worse groans ringing from the fetid hold! worse separations of families! worse bondage of intemperate men, enslaved by that most inexorable of all task-masters—sensual habit!

The third BEHEMOTH is seen lurking among the Indian savages, and bringing the arts of learning, and the skill of civilization, to aid in plundering the debauched barbarian. The cunning, murdering, scalping Indian, is no match for the Christian white-man. Compared with the midnight knavery of men reared in schools, rocked by religion, tempered and taught by the humane institutions of liberty and civilization, all the craft of the savage is twilight. Vast estates have been accumulated, without having an honest farthing in them. Our Penitentiaries might be sent to school to the Treaty-grounds and Council-grounds. Smugglers and swindlers might

humble themselves in the presence of Indian traders. All the crimes against property known to our laws flourish with unnatural vigor; and some, unknown to civilized villany. To swindle ignorance, to overreach simplicity, to lie without scruple to any extent, from mere implication down to perjury; to tempt the savages to rob each other, and to receive their plunder; to sell goods at incredible prices to the sober Indian, then to intoxicate him, and steal them all back by a sham bargain, to be sold again, and stolen again; to employ falsehood, lust, threats, whisky, and even the knife and the pistol; in short to consume the Indian's substance by every vice and crime possible to an unprincipled heart inflamed with an insatiable rapacity, unwatched by Justice, and unrestrained by Law—this it is to be an INDIAN TRADER. I would rather inherit the bowels of Vesuvius, or make my bed in Etna, than own those estates which have been scalped off from human beings as the hunter strips a beaver of its fur. Of all these, of ALL who gain possessions by extortion and robbery, never let yourself be envious! *I was envious at the foolish, when I saw the prosperity of the wicked. Their eyes stand out with fatness: they have more than heart could wish. They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression. They have set their mouth against the heaven, and their tongue*

walketh through the earth. When I sought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places! thou castedst them down into destruction as in a moment! They are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord! when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image!

I would not bear their heart who have so made money, were the world a solid globe of gold, and mine. I would not stand for them in the judgment, were every star of heaven a realm of riches, and mine. I would not walk with them the burning marl of hell, to bear their torment, and utter their groans, for the throne of God itself.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Riches got by deceit, cheat no man so much as the getter. Riches bought with guile, God will pay for with vengeance. Riches got by fraud, are dug out of one's own heart, and destroy the mine. Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory, in their own wasteful habits, in drawing around them all bad men to be their companions.

While I do not discourage your search for wealth, I warn you that it is not a cruise upon level seas, and under bland skies. You advance where ten thousand are broken in pieces before they reach the

mart; where those who reach it are worn out, by their labors, past enjoying their riches. You seek a land pleasant to the sight, but dangerous to the feet; a land of fragrant winds, which lull to security; of golden fruits, which are poisonous; of glorious hues, which dazzle and mislead.

You may be rich and be pure; but it will cost you a struggle. You may be rich and go to heaven; but ten, doubtless, will sink beneath their riches, where one breaks through them to heaven. If you have entered this shining way, begin to look for snares and traps. Go not careless of your danger, and provoking it. See, on every side of you, how many there are who seal God's word with their blood:—

They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the LOVE *of Money is the root of all evil, which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.*

LECTURE IV.

My son if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Prov. i. 10.

He who is allured to embrace evil under some engaging form of beauty, or seductive appearance of good, is enticed. A man is *tempted* to what he knows to be sinful; he is *enticed* where the evil appears to be innocent. The Enticer wins his way by bewildering the moral sense, setting false lights ahead of the imagination, painting disease with the hues of health, making impurity to glow like innocency, strewing the broad-road with flowers, lulling its travellers with soothing music, hiding all its chasms, covering its pitfalls, and closing its long perspective with the mimic glow of Paradise.

The young are seldom tempted to outright wickedness; evil comes to them as an enticement. The honest generosity and fresh heart of youth would revolt from open meanness and undisguised vice. The Adversary conforms his wiles to their nature.

He tempts them to the basest deeds by beginning with innocent ones, gliding to more exceptionable, and finally, to positively wicked ones. All our warnings then must be against the vernal beauty of vice. Its autumn and winter none wish. It is my purpose to describe the enticement of particular men upon the young.

Every youth knows that there are dangerous men abroad who would injure him by lying, by slander, by over-reaching and plundering him. From such they have little to fear, because they are upon their guard. Few imagine that they have anything to dread from those who have no designs against them; yet such is the instinct of imitation, so insensibly does the example of men steal upon us and warp our conduct to their likeness, that the young often receive a deadly injury from men with whom they never spoke. As all bodies in nature give out or receive caloric until there is an equilibrium of temperature, so there is a radiation of character upon character. Our thoughts, our tastes, our emotions, our partialities, our prejudices, and finally, our conduct and habits, are insensibly changed by the silent influence of men who never once directly tempted us, or even knew the effect which they produced. I shall draw for your inspection some of those dangerous men, whose open or silent entice-

ment has availed against thousands, and will be exerted upon thousands more.

I. The wit. It is sometimes said by phlegmatic theologians that Christ never laughed, but often wept. I shall not quarrel with the assumption. I only say that men have within them a faculty of mirthfulness which God created. I suppose it was meant for use. Those who do not feel the impulsion of this faculty, are not the ones to sit in judgment upon those who do. It would be very absurd for an owl in an ivy bush, to read lectures on optics to an eagle; or for a mole to counsel a lynx on the sin of sharp-sightedness. He is divinely favored who may trace a silver vein in all the affairs of life; see sparkles of light in the gloomiest scenes; and absolute radiance in those which are bright. There are in the clouds ten thousand inimitable forms and hues to be found nowhere else; there are in plants and trees beautiful shapes and endless varieties of color; there are in flowers minute pencilings of exquisite shade; in fruits a delicate bloom, —like a veil, making the face of beauty more beautiful; sporting among the trees, and upon the flowers, are tiny insects—gems which glow like living diamonds. Ten thousand eyes stare full upon these things and see nothing; and yet thus the Divine Artist has finished his matchless work. Thus, too,

upon all the labors of life, the events of each hour, the course of good or evil; upon each action, or word, or attitude; upon all the endless changes transpiring among myriad men, there is a delicate grace, or bloom, or sparkle, or radiance, which catches the eye of Wit, and delights it with appearances which are to the weightier matters of life, what odor, colors, and symmetry, are to the marketable and commercial properties of matter.

A mind imbued with this feeling is full of dancing motes, such as we see moving in sunbeams when they pour through some shutter into a dark room; and when the sights and conceptions of wit are uttered in words they diffuse upon others that pleasure whose brightness shines upon its own cheerful imagination.

It is not strange that the Wit is a universal favorite. All companies rejoice in his presence, watch for his words, repeat his language. He moves like a comet whose incomings and outgoings are uncontrollable. He astonishes the regular stars with the eccentricity of his orbit, and flirts his long tail athwart the heaven without the slightest misgivings that it will be troublesome, and coquets the very sun with audacious familiarity. When wit is unperverted, it lightens labor, makes the very face of care to shine, diffuses cheerfulness among men, mul-

tiplies the sources of harmless enjoyment, gilds the dark things of life, and heightens the lustre of the brightest. If perverted, wit becomes an instrument of malevolence, it gives a deceitful coloring to vice, it reflects a semblance of truth upon error, and distorts the features of real truth by false lights.

The Wit is liable to indolence by relying upon his genius; to vanity, by the praise which is offered as incense; to malignant sarcasm, to revenge his affronts; to dissipation, from the habit of exhilaration, and from the company which court him. The *mere* Wit is only a human bauble. He is to life what bells are to horses, not expected to draw the load, but only to jingle while the horses draw.

The young often repine at their own native dulness; and since God did not choose to endow them with this shining quality, they will make it for themselves. Forthwith they are smitten with the itch of imitation. Their ears purvey to their mouth the borrowed jest; their eyes note the Wit's fashion, and the awkward youth clumsily apes, in a side circle, the Wit's deft and graceful gesture, the smooth smile, the roguish twinkle, the sly look—much as Caliban would imitate Ariel. Every community is supplied with self-made Wits. One retails other men's sharp witticisms, as a Jew puts off thread-bare garments. Another roars over his own

brutal quotations of Scripture. Another invents a witticism by a logical deduction of circumstances, and sniffs and giggles over the result as complacently as if other men laughed too. Others lie in wait around your conversation to trip up some word, or strike a light out of some sentence. Others fish in dictionaries for pitiful puns;—and all fulfil the prediction of Isaiah: *Ye shall conceive chaff, and bring forth stubble.*

It becomes a mania. Each school has its allusions, each circle has its apish motion, each companionhood its park of wit-artillery; and we find street-wit, shop-wit, auction-wit, school-wit, fool's-wit, whisky-wit, stable-wit, and almost every kind of wit, but mother-wit;—puns, quibbles, catches, would-be-jests, thread-bare stories, and gew-gaw tinsel,—everything but the real *diamond*, which sparkles simply because God made it so that it could not help sparkling. Real, native mirthfulness is like a pleasant rill which quietly wells up in some verdant nook, and steals out from among reeds and willows noiselessly, and is seen far down the meadow, as much by the fruitfulness of its edges in flowers, as by its own glimmering light.

Let every one beware of the insensible effect of witty men upon him; they gild lies, so that base coin may pass for true; that which is grossly wrong,

wit may make fascinating; when no argument could persuade you, the coruscations of wit may dazzle and blind you; when duty presses you, the threatenings of this human lightning may make you afraid to do right. Remember that the very *best* office of wit, is only to lighten the serious labors of life; that it is only a torch, by which men may cheer the gloom of a dark way. When it sets up to be your counsellor or your guide, it is the fool's fire, flitting irregularly and leading you into the quag or morass. The great Dramatist represents a witty sprite to have put an ass' head upon a man's shoulders; beware that you do not let this mischievous sprite put an ape's head upon yours.

If God has not given you this quicksilver, no art can make it; nor need you regret it. The stone, the wood, and the iron are a thousand times more valuable to society than pearls and diamonds and rare gems; and *sterling sense*, and *industry*, and *integrity*, are better a thousand times, in the hard work of living, than the brilliance of WIT.

II. There is a character which I shall describe as the HUMORIST. I do not employ the term to designate one who indulges in that pleasantest of all wit —latent wit; but to describe a creature who conceals a coarse animalism under a brilliant, jovial exterior. The dangerous humorist is of a plump

condition, evincing the excellent digestion of a good eater, and answering very well to the Psalmist's description: *His eyes stand out with fatness; he is not in trouble as other men are; he has more than heart could wish, and his tongue walketh through the earth.* Whatever is pleasant in ease, whatever is indulgent in morals, whatever is solacing in luxury; the jovial few, the convivial many, the glass, the cards, the revel, and midnight uproar,—these are his delights. His manners are easy and agreeable; his face redolent of fun and good nature; his whole air that of a man fond of the utmost possible bodily refreshment. Withal, he is sufficiently circumspect and secretive of his course, to maintain a place in genteel society; for that is a luxury. He is not a glutton, but a choice eater. He is not a gross drinker, only a gentlemanly consumer of every curious compound of liquor. He has travelled; he can tell you which, in every city, is the best bar, the best restaurateur, the best stable. He knows every theatre, each actor; particularly is he versed in the select morsels of the scandalous indulgence peculiar to each. He knows every race-course, every nag, the history of all the famous matches, and the pedigree of every distinguished horse. The whole vocabulary of pleasure is vernacular,—its wit, its slang, its watchwords, and blackletter literature. He is a

profound annalist of scandal; every stream of news, clear or muddy, disembogues into the gulf of his prodigious memory. He can tell you, after living but a week in a city, who gambles, when, for what sums, and with what fate; who is impure, who was, who is suspected, who is not suspected—but ought to be. He is a morbid anatomist of morals; a brilliant flesh-fly—unerring to detect taint.

Like other men, he loves admiration and desires to extend his influence. All these manifold accomplishments are exhibited before the callow young. That he may secure a train of useful followers, he is profuse of money; and moves among them with an easy, insinuating frankness, a never-ceasing gaiety, so spicy with fun, so diverting with stories, so full of little hits, sly innuendoes, or solemn wit, with now and then a rare touch of dexterous mimicry, and the whole so pervaded by the indescribable flavor, the changing hues of humor,—that the young are bewildered with idolatrous admiration. What gay young man, who is old enough to admire himself and be ashamed of his parents, can resist a man so bedewed with humor, narrating exquisite stories with such mock gravity, with such slyness of mouth, and twinkling of the eye, with such grotesque attitudes, and significant gestures? He is declared to be the most remarkable man in the world. Now

take off this man's dress, put out the one faculty of mirthfulness, and he will stand disclosed without a single positive virtue! With strong appetites deeply indulged, hovering perpetually upon the twilight edge of every vice; and whose wickedness is only not apparent, because it is garnished with flowers and garlands; who is not despised, only because his various news, artfully told, keep us in good humor with ourselves! At one period of youthful life, this creature's influence supplants that of every other man. There is an absolute fascination in him which awakens a *craving* in the mind to be of his circle; plain duties become drudgery, home has no light; life at its ordinary key is monotonous, and must be screwed up to the concert pitch of this wonderful genius! As he tells his stories, so with a wretched grimace of imitation, apprentices will try to tell them; as he gracefully swings through the street, they will roll; they will leer because he stares genteelly; he sips, they guzzle—and talk impudently, because he talks with easy confidence. He walks erect, they strut; he lounges, they loll; he is less than a man, and they become even less than he. Copper-rings, huge blotches of breast-pins, wild streaming handkerchiefs, jaunty hats, odd clothes, superfluous walking-sticks, ill-uttered oaths, stupid jokes, and blundering pleasantries—these

are the first fruits of imitation! There are various grades of it, from the office, store, shop, street, clear down to the hostlery and stable. Our cities are filled with these juvenile nondescript monsters, these compounds of vice, low wit, and vulgarity. The original is morally detestable, and the counterfeit is a very base imitation of a very base thing; the dark shadow of a very ugly substance.

III. The Cynic. The Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and scar them; to send you away sore and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers. If a man is said to be pure and chaste, he will answer: *Yes, in the day time.* If a woman is pronounced virtuous, he will reply: *yes, as yet.* Mr. A. is a religious man: *yes, on Sundays.* Mr. B. has just joined the church: *certainly; the elections are coming*

on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: *It is his trade.* Such a man is generous: *of other men's money.* This man is obliging: *to lull suspicion and cheat you.* That man is upright: *because he is green.* Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The live-long day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in polished phrase, transfixing every character which is presented: *His words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords.*

All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have *found out mankind. They* begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long tried, and the venerable.

I do believe that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater. I tremble when I see its lava roll the fiery stream. THEREFORE,

I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions, I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

Moss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the mouldering pile; the mistletoe springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!

Who could walk through Thebes, Palmyra, or Petræa, and survey the wide waste of broken arches, crumbled altars, fallen pillars, effaced cornices, toppling walls, and crushed statues, with no feelings but those of contempt? Who, unsorrowing, could see the stork's nest upon the carved pillar, satyrs dancing on marble pavements, and scorpions nestling where beauty once dwelt, and dragons the sole tenants of royal palaces? Amid such melancholy magnificence, even the misanthrope might weep! If here and there an altar stood unbruised, or a graven column unblemished, or a statue nearly perfect, he might well feel love for a man-wrought stone, so beautiful, when all else is so dreary and

desolate. Thus, though man is as a desolate city, and his passions are as the wild beasts of the wilderness howling in kings' palaces, yet he is God's workmanship, and a thousand touches of exquisite beauty remain. Since Christ hath put his sovereign hand to restore man's ruin, many points are remoulded, and the fair form of a new fabric already appears growing from the ruins, and the first faint flame is glimmering upon the restored altar.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will *be* what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison; and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

Although experience should correct the indiscriminate confidence of the young, no experience should render them callous to goodness wherever seen. He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered, that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. A swoln wretch, blotched all over with leprosy, may

grin hideously at every wart or excrescence upon beauty. A wholesome man will be pained at it, and seek not to notice it. Reject, then, the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man!

IV. I fear that few villages exist without a specimen of the LIBERTINE.

His errand into this world is to explore every depth of sensuality, and collect upon himself the foulness of every one. He is proud to be vile; his ambition is to be viler than other men. Were we not confronted almost daily by such wretches, it would be hard to believe that any could exist, to whom purity and decency were a burden, and only corruption a delight. This creature has changed his nature, until only that which disgusts a pure mind pleases his. He is lured by the scent of carrion. His coarse feelings, stimulated by gross excitants, are insensible to delicacy. The exquisite bloom, the dew and freshness of the flowers of the heart which delight both good men and God himself, he gazes upon, as a Behemoth would gaze enraptured upon a prairie of flowers. It is so much pasture. The forms, the odors, the hues are only a mouthful for his terrible appetite. Therefore, his breath blights every innocent thing. He sneers at the mention of purity, and leers in the very face of

Virtue, as though she were herself corrupt, if the truth were known. He assures the credulous disciple that there *is* no purity; that its appearances are only the veils which cover indulgence. Nay, he solicits praise for the very openness of his evil; and tells the listener that *all* act as he acts, but only few are courageous enough to own it. But the uttermost parts of depravity are laid open only when several such monsters meet together, and vie with each other, as we might suppose shapeless mud-monsters disport in the slimiest ooze of the ocean. They dive in fierce rivalry which shall reach the most infernal depth, and bring up the blackest sediment. It makes the blood of an honest man run cold, to hear but the echo of the shameless rehearsals of their salacious enterprises. Each strives to tell a blacker tale than the other. When the abomination of their actual life is not damnable enough to satisfy the ambition of their unutterable corruption, they devise, in their imagination, scenes yet more flagrant; swear that they have performed them, and when they separate, each strives to make his lying boastings true. It would seem as if miscreants so loathsome would have no power of temptation upon the young. Experience shows that the worst men are, often, the *most* skilful in touching the springs of human action. A young man knows

little of life; less of himself. He feels in his bosom the various impulses, wild desires, restless cravings he can hardly tell for what, a sombre melancholy when all is gay, a violent exhilaration when others are sober. These wild gushes of feeling, peculiar to youth, the sagacious tempter has felt, has studied, has practised upon, until he can sit before that most capacious organ, the human mind, knowing every stop, and all the combinations, and competent to touch any note through the diapason. As a serpent deceived the purest of mortals, so now a beast may mislead their posterity. He begins afar off. He decries the virtue of all men; studies to produce a doubt that any are under self-restraint. He unpacks his filthy stories, plays off the fire-works of his corrupt imagination—its blue-lights, its red-lights, and green-lights, and sparkle-spitting lights; and edging in upon the yielding youth, who begins to wonder at his experience, he boasts his first exploits, he hisses at the purity of women; he grows yet bolder, tells more wicked deeds, and invents worse even than he ever performed, though he has performed worse than good men ever thought of. All thoughts, all feelings, all ambition, are merged in one and that the lowest, vilest, most detestable ambition.

Had I a son of years, I could, with thanksgiving,

see him go down to the grave, rather than fall into the maw of this most besotted devil. The plague is mercy, the cholera is love, the deadliest fever is refreshment to man's body, in comparison with this epitome and essence of moral disease. He lives among men, Hell's ambassador with full credentials; nor can we conceive that there should be need of any other fiend to perfect the works of darkness, while he carries his body among us, stuffed with every pestilent drug of corruption. The heart of every virtuous young man should loathe him; if he speaks, you should as soon hear a wolf bark. Gather around you the venomous snake, the poisonous toad, the fetid vulture, the prowling hyena, and their company would be an honor to you above his; for they at least remain within their own nature; but he goes out of his nature that he may become more vile than it is possible for a mere animal to be.

He is hateful to religion, hateful to virtue, hateful to decency, hateful to the coldest morality. The stenchful ichor of his dissolved heart has flowed over every feeling of his nature, and left them as the burning lava leaves the garden, the orchard, and the vineyard. And it is a wonder that the bolt of God which crushed Sodom does not slay him. It is a wonder that the earth does not refuse the burden and open and swallow him up. I do not fear that

the young will be undermined by his *direct* assaults. But *some* will imitate, and their example will be again freely imitated, and finally, a remote circle of disciples will spread the diluted contagion among the virtuous. This man will be the fountain-head, and though none will come to drink at a hot spring, yet further down along the stream it sends out, will be found many scooping from its waters.

V. I have described the devil in his native form, but he sometimes appears as an angel of light. There is a polished Libertine, in manners studiously refined, in taste faultless; his face is mild and engaging; his words drop as pure as newly-made honey. In general society, he would rather attract regard as a model of purity, and suspicion herself could hardly look askance upon him. Under this brilliant exterior, his heart is like a sepulchre, full of all uncleanness. Contrasted with the gross libertine, it would not be supposed that he had a thought in common with him. If his heart could be opened to our eyes, as it is to God's, we should perceive scarcely dissimilar feeling in respect to appetite. Professing unbounded admiration of virtue in general, he leaves not in private a point untransgressed. His reading has culled every glowing picture of amorous poets, every tempting scene of loose dramatists, and looser novelists. Enriched by these, his imagi-

nation, like a rank soil, is overgrown with a prodigal luxuriance of poison-herbs and deadly flowers. Men, such as this man is, frequently aspire to be the censors of morality. They are hurt at the *injudicious* reprehensions of vice from the pulpit! They make great outcry when plain words are employed to denounce base things. They are astonishingly sensitive and fearful lest good men should soil their hands with too much meddling with evil. Their cries are not the evidence of sensibility to virtue, but of too lively a sensibility to vice. Sensibility is, often, only the fluttering of an impure heart.

At the very time that their voice is ringing an alarm against immoral reformations, they are secretly skeptical of every tenet of virtue, and practically unfaithful to every one. Of these two libertines, the most refined is the more dangerous. The one is a rattlesnake which carries its warning with it; the other, hiding his burnished scales in the grass, skulks to perform unsuspected deeds in darkness. The one is the visible fog and miasm of the morass; the other is the serene air of a tropical city, which, though brilliant, is loaded with invisible pestilence.

The Politician. If there be a man on earth whose character should be framed of the most sterling honesty, and whose conduct should conform to

the most scrupulous morality, it is the man who administers public affairs. The most romantic notions of integrity are here not extravagant. As, under our institutions, public men will be, upon the whole, fair exponents of the character of their constituents, the plainest way to secure honest public men, is to inspire those who make them, with a right understanding of what political character ought to be. Young men should be prompted to descriminate between the specious, and the real; the artful, and the honest; the wise, and the cunning; the patriotic, and the pretender. I will sketch—

VI. The Demagogue. The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes: with this one, he hates a man; with that one, he loves the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves, and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides. He attends

meetings to suppress intemperance,—but at elections makes every grog-shop free to all drinkers. He can with equal relish plead most eloquently for temperance, or toss off a dozen glasses in a dirty grocery. He thinks that there is a time for everything, and therefore, at one time he swears and jeers and leers with a carousing crew; and at another time, having happily been converted, he displays the various features of devotion. Indeed, he is a capacious Christian; an epitome of faith. He piously asks the class-leader, of the welfare of his charge, for *he* was always a Methodist and always shall be,—until he meets a Presbyterian; then he is a Presbyterian, old-school or new, as the case requires. However, as he is not a bigot, he can afford to be a Baptist, in a good Baptist neighborhood, and with a wink he tells the zealous elder, that he never had one of his children baptized, not he! He whispers to the Reformer that he abhors all creeds but Baptism and the Bible. After all this, room will be found in his heart for the fugitive sects also, which come and go like clouds in a summer sky. His flattering attention at church edifies the simple-hearted preacher, who admires that a plain sermon should make a man whisper amen! and weep. Upon the stump his tact is no less rare. He roars and bawls with courageous plainness, on points about which all

agree: but on subjects where men differ, his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot that it may dip either way. He depends for success chiefly upon humorous stories. A glowing patriot a-telling stories is a dangerous antagonist; for it is hard to expose the fallacy of a hearty laugh, and men convulsed with merriment are slow to perceive in what way an argument is a reply to a story.

Perseverance, effrontery, good nature, and versatile cunning have advanced many a bad man higher than a good man could attain. Men will admit that he has not a single moral virtue; but he is *smart*. We object to no man for amusing himself at the fertile resources of the politician here painted; for sober men are sometimes pleased with the grimaces and mischievous tricks of a versatile monkey; but would it not be strange indeed if they should select him for a ruler, or make him an exemplar to their sons?

VII. I describe next a more respectable and more dangerous politician—the PARTY MAN. He has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under the championship of good men; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright,

the exigency of his party constantly pushes him to dishonorable deeds. He opposes fraud by craft; lie, by lie; slander, by counter-aspersion. To be sure it is wrong to mis-state, to distort, to suppress or color facts; it is wrong to employ the evil passions; to set class against class; the poor against the rich, the country against the city, the farmer against the mechanic, one section against another section. But his opponents do it, and if they will take advantage of men's corruption, he must, or lose by his virtue. He gradually adopts two characters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character; all the requisitions of his party, he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle; in the other, a man of mere expedients. As a *man* he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a *politician*, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous,—*anything* for party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad. As a citizen, he is an apostle of temperance;

as a politician, he puts his shoulder under the men who deluge their track with whisky, marching a crew of brawling patriots, pugnaciously drunk, to exercise the freeman's noblest franchise,—the VOTE. As a citizen, he is considerate of the young, and counsels them with admirable wisdom; then, as a politician, he votes for tools, supporting for the magistracy worshipful aspirants scraped from the ditch, the grog-shop, and the brothel; thus saying by deeds which the young are quick to understand: "I jested, when I warned you of bad company; for you perceive none worse than those whom I delight to honor." For his religion he will give up all his secular interests; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed! I am puzzled to know what will happen at death to this politic Christian, but most unchristian politician. Will both of his characters go heavenward together? If the strongest prevails, he will certainly go to hell. If his weakest, (which is his Christian character,) is saved, what will become of his political char-

acter? Shall he be sundered in two, as Solomon proposed to divide the contested infant? If this style of character were not flagitiously wicked, it would still be supremely ridiculous—but it is both. Let young men mark these amphibious exemplars to avoid their influence. The young have nothing to gain from those who are saints in religion and morals, and Machiavels in politics; who have partitioned off their heart, invited Christ into one half, and Belial into the other.

It is wisely said, that a strictly honest man who desires purely the public good, who will not criminally flatter the people, nor take part in lies, or party-slander, nor descend to the arts of the rat, the weasel, and the fox, cannot succeed in politics. It is calmly said by thousands that one cannot be a politician and a Christian. Indeed, a man is liable to downright ridicule if he speaks in good earnest of a scrupulously honest and religiously moral politician. I regard all such representations as false. We are not without men whose career is a refutation of the slander. It poisons the community to teach this fatal necessity of corruption in a course which so many *must* pursue. It is not strange, if such be the popular opinion, that young men include the sacrifice of strict integrity as a necessary element of a political life, and calmly agree to it, as to an inev-

itable misfortune, rather than to a dark and voluntary crime.

Only if a man is an ignorant heathen, can he escape blame for such a decision! A young man, at this day, in this land, who can coolly purpose a life of most unmanly guile, who *means* to earn his bread and fame by a sacrifice of integrity, is one who requires only temptation and opportunity to become a felon. What a heart has that man, who can stand in the very middle of the Bible, with its transcendent truths raising their glowing fronts on every side of him, and feel no inspiration but that of immorality and meanness! He knows that for him have been founded the perpetual institutions of religion; for him prophets have spoken, miracles been wrought, heaven robbed of its Magistrate, and the earth made sacred above all planets as the Redeemer's burial-place;—he knows it all, and plunges from this height to the very bottom of corruption! He hears that he is immortal, and despises the immortality; that he is a son of God, and scorns the dignity; an heir of heaven, and infamously sells his heirship, and himself, for a contemptible mess of loathsome pottage! Do not tell me of any excuses. It is a shame to attempt an excuse! If there were no religion, if that vast sphere, out of which glow all the supereminent truths of the Bible, was a mere

emptiness and void, yet, methinks, the very idea of Fatherland, the exceeding preciousness of the Laws and Liberties of a great people, would enkindle such a high and noble enthusiasm, that all baser feelings would be consumed! But if the love of country, a sense of character, a manly regard for integrity, the example of our most illustrious men, the warnings of religion and all its solicitations, and the prospect of the future,—dark as Perdition to the bad, and light as Paradise to the good,—cannot inspire a young man to anything higher than a sneaking, truckling, dodging scramble for fraudulent fame and dishonest bread, it is because such a creature has never felt one sensation of manly virtue;—it is because his heart is a howling wilderness, inhospitable to innocence.

Thus have I sketched a few of the characters which abound in every community; dangerous, not more by their direct temptations, than by their insensible influence. The sight of their deeds, of their temporary success, their apparent happiness, relaxes the tense rigidity of a scrupulous honesty, inspires a ruinous liberality of sentiment toward vice, and breeds the *thoughts* of evil; and EVIL THOUGHTS are the cockatrice's eggs, hatching into all bad deeds.

Remember, if by any of these you are enticed to

ruin, you will have to bear it ALONE! They are strong to seduce, but heartless to sustain their victims. They will exhaust your means, teach you to despise the God of your fathers, lead you into every sin, go with you while you afford them any pleasure or profit, and then, when the inevitable disaster of wickedness begins to overwhelm you, they will abandon whom they have debauched. When, at length, death gnaws at your bones and knocks at your heart; when staggering, and worn out, your courage wasted, your hope gone, your purity, and long, long ago your peace—will he who first enticed your steps, now serve your extremity with one office of kindness? Will he stay your head?—cheer your dying agony with one word of hope?—or light the way for your coward steps to the grave?—or weep when you are gone?—or send one pitiful scrap to your desolate family? What reveller wears crape for a dead drunkard?—what gang of gamblers ever intermitted a game for the death of a companion?—or went on kind missions of relief to broken-down fellow-gamblers? What harlot weeps for a harlot?—what debauchee mourns for a debauchee? They would carouse at your funeral, and gamble on your coffin. If one flush more of pleasure were to be had by it, they would drink shame and ridicule to your memory out of your own skull,

and roar in bacchanal-revelry over your damnation! All the shameless atrocities of wicked men are nothing to their *heartlessness* toward each other when broken-down. As I have seen worms writhing on a carcass, overcrawling each other, and elevating their fiery heads in petty ferocity against each other, while all were enshrined in the corruption of a common carrion,—I have thought, ah! shameful picture of *wicked men* tempting each other, abetting each other, until calamity overtook them, and then fighting and devouring or abandoning each other, without pity, or sorrow, or compassion, or remorse. Evil men of every degree will use you, flatter you, lead you on until you are useless; then, if the virtuous do not pity you, or God compassionate, you are without a friend in the universe.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, . . . we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse: my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy feet from their path: for their feet run to evil, and make haste to shed blood, . , . and they lay in wait for their OWN *blood, they lurk privily for their own lives.*

LECTURE V.

Then the soldiers, when they had crucified Jesus, took his garments and made four parts, to every soldier a part, and also his coat. Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. They said therefore among themselves, Let us not rend it, but cast lots for it, whose it shall be. These things therefore the soldiers did.

I HAVE condensed into one account the separate parts of this gambling transaction as narrated by each evangelist. How marked in every age is a Gambler's character! The enraged priesthood of ferocious sects taunted Christ's dying agonies; the bewildered multitude, accustomed to cruelty, could shout; but no earthly creature, but a Gambler, could be so lost to *all* feeling as to sit down coolly under a dying man to wrangle for his garments, and arbitrate their avaricious differences by casting dice for his tunic, with hands spotted with his spattered blood, warm and yet undried upon them. The descendants of these patriarchs of gambling, however, have taught us that there is nothing possible to hell, uncongenial to these, its elect saints. In this lecture

it is my disagreeable task to lead your steps down the dark path to their cruel haunts, there to exhibit their infernal passions, their awful ruin, and their ghastly memorials. In this house of darkness, amid fierce faces gleaming with the fire of fiercer hearts, amid oaths and groans and fiendish orgies, ending in murders and strewn with sweltering corpses,—do not mistake, and suppose yourself in Hell,—you are only in its precincts and vestibule.

Gambling is the staking or winning of property upon mere hazard. The husbandman renders produce for his gains; the mechanic renders the product of labor and skill for his gains; the gambler renders for his gain the sleights of useless skill, or more often, downright cheating. Betting is gambling; there is no honest equivalent to its gains. Dealings in fancy-stocks are oftentimes sheer gambling, with all its worst evils. Profits so earned are no better than the profits of dice, cards, or hazard When skill returns for its earnings a useful service, as knowledge, beneficial amusements, or profitable labor, it is honest commerce. The skill of a pilot in threading a narrow channel, the skill of a lawyer in

threading a still more intricate one, are as substantial equivalents for a price received, as if they were merchant goods or agricultural products. But all gains of *mere* skill which result in no real benefit, are gambling gains.

Gaming, as it springs from a principle of our nature, has, in some form, probably existed in every age. We trace it in remote periods and among the most barbarous people. It loses none of its fascinations among a civilized people. On the contrary, the habit of fierce stimulants, the jaded appetite of luxury, and the satiety of wealth, seem to invite the master-excitant. Our land, not apt to be behind in good or evil, is full of gambling in all its forms—the gambling of commerce, the gambling of bets and wagers, and the gambling of games of hazard. There is gambling in refined circles, and in the lowest; among the members of our national government, and of our state-governments. Thief gambles with thief, in jail; the judge who sent them there, the lawyer who prosecuted, and the lawyer who defended them, often gamble too. This vice, once almost universally prevalent among the Western bar, and still too frequently disgracing its members, is, however, we are happy to believe, decreasing. In many circuits, not long ago, and in some now, the judge, the jury, and the bar, shuffled cards by

night, and law by day—dealing out money and justice alike. The clatter of dice and cards disturbs your slumber on the boat, and rings drowsily from the upper rooms of the hotel. This vice pervades the city, extends over every line of travel, and infests the most moral districts. The secreted lamp dimly lights the apprentices to their game; with unsuspected disobedience, boys creep out of their beds to it; it goes on in the store close by the till; it haunts the shop. The scoundrel in his lair, the scholar in his room; the pirate on his ship, gay women at parties; loafers in the street-corner, public functionaries in their offices; the beggar under the hedge, the rascal in prison, and some professors of religion in the somnolent hours of the Sabbath,—waste their energies by the ruinous excitement of the game. Besides these players, there are troops of professional gamblers, troops of hangers-on, troops of youth to be *drawn* in. An inexperienced eye would detect in our peaceful towns no signs of this vulture-flock; —so in a sunny day, when all cheerful birds are singing merrily, not a buzzard can be seen; but let a carcass drop, and they will push forth their gaunt heads from their gloomy roosts, and come flapping from the dark woods to speck the air, and dot the ground with their numbers.

The universal prevalence of this vice is a reason

for parental vigilance; and a reason of remonstrance from the citizen, the parent, the minister of the gospel, the patriot, and the press. I propose to trace its opening, describe its subjects, and detail its effects.

A young man, proud of freedom, anxious to exert his manhood, has tumbled his Bible, and sober books, and letters of counsel, into a dark closet. He has learned various accomplishments, to flirt, to boast, to swear, to fight, to drink. He has let every one of these chains be put around him, upon the solemn promise of Satan that he would take them off whenever he wished. Hearing of the artistic feats of eminent gamblers, he emulates them. So, he ponders the game. He teaches what he has learned to his shopmates, and feels himself their master. As yet he has never played for stakes. It begins thus: Peeping into a book-store, he watches till the sober customers go out; then slips in, and with assumed boldness, not concealing his shame, he asks for cards, buys them, and hastens out. The first game is to pay for the cards. After the relish of playing for a stake, no game can satisfy them *without* a stake. A few nuts are staked; then a bottle of wine; an oyster-supper. At last they can venture a sixpence in *actual money*—just for the amusement of it. I need go no further—whoever wishes to do anything with the lad, can do it now. If properly plied,

and gradually led, he will go to any length, and stop only at the gallows. Do you doubt it? let us trace him a year or two further on.

With his father's blessing, and his mother's tears, the young man departs from home. He has received his patrimony, and embarks for life and independence. Upon his journey he rests at a city; visits the "school of morals;" lingers in more suspicious places; is seen by a sharper; and makes his acquaintance. The knave sits by him at dinner; gives him the news of the place, and a world of advice; cautions him against sharpers; inquires if he has money, and charges him to keep it secret; offers himself to make with him the rounds of the town, and secure him from imposition. At length, that he may see all, he is taken to a gaming-house, but, with apparent kindness, warned not to play. He stands by to see the various fortunes of the game; some, forever losing; some, touch what number they will, gaining piles of gold. Looking in thirst where wine is free. A glass is taken; another of a better kind; next the best the landlord has, and two glasses of that. A change comes over the youth; his exhilaration raises his courage, and lulls his caution. Gambling *seen*, seems a different thing from gambling *painted* by a pious father! Just then his friend remarks that one might easily double his

money by a few ventures, but that it was, perhaps, prudent not to risk. Only this was needed to fire his mind. What! only prudence between me and gain? Then that shall not be long! He stakes; he wins. Stakes again; wins again. Glorious! I am the lucky man that is to break the bank! He stakes, and wins again. His pulse races; his face burns; his blood is up, and fear gone. He loses; loses again; loses all his winnings; loses more. But fortune turns again; he wins anew. He has now lost all self-command. Gains excite him, and losses excite him more. He doubles his stakes; then trebles them—and all is swept. He rushes on, puts up his whole purse, and loses the whole! Then he would borrow; no man will lend. He is desperate, he will fight at a word. He is led to the street, and thrust out. The cool breeze which blows upon his fevered cheek, wafts the slow and solemn stroke of the clock,—one,—two,—three,—four; *four of the morning!* Quick work of ruin!—an innocent man destroyed in a night! He staggers to his hotel, remembers as he enters it, that he has not even enough to pay his bill. It now flashes upon him that his friend, who never had left him for an hour before, had stayed behind where his money is, and, doubtless, is laughing over his spoils. His blood boils with rage. But at length comes up the remem-

brance of home; a parent's training and counsels for more than twenty years, destroyed in a night! "Good God! what a wretch I have been! I am not fit to live. I cannot go home. I am a stranger here. Oh! that I were dead! Oh! that I had died before I knew this guilt, and were lying where my sister lies! Oh God! Oh God! my head will burst with agony!" He stalks his lonely room with an agony which only the young heart knows in its first horrible awakening to remorse—when it looks despair full in the face, and feels its hideous incantations tempting him to suicide. Subdued at length by agony, cowed and weakened by distress, he is sought again by those who plucked him. Cunning to subvert inexperience, to raise the evil passions, and to allay the good, they make him their pliant tool.

Farewell, young man! I see thy steps turned to that haunt again! I see hope lighting thy face; but it is a lurid light, and never came from heaven. Stop before that threshold!—turn, and bid farewell to home!—farewell to innocence!—farewell to venerable father and aged mother!—the next step shall part thee from them all forever. And now henceforth be a mate to thieves, a brother to corruption. Thou hast made a league with death, and unto death shalt thou go.

Let us here pause, to draw the likeness of a few who stand conspicuous in that vulgar crowd of gamblers, with which hereafter he will consort. The first is a taciturn, quiet man. No one knows when he comes into town, or when he leaves. No man hears of his gaining; for he never boasts, nor reports his luck. He spends little for parade; his money seems to go and come only through the game. He reads none, converses none, is neither a glutton nor a hard drinker; he sports few ornaments, and wears plain clothing. Upon the whole, he seems a gentlemanly man; and sober citizens say, "his only fault is gambling." What then is this "*only fault?*" In his heart he has the most intense and consuming lust of play. He is quiet because every passion is absorbed in one; and that one burning at the highest flame. He thinks of nothing else, cares only for this. All other things, even the hottest lusts of other men, are too cool to be temptations to him; so much deeper is the style of his passions. He will sit upon his chair, and no man shall see him move for hours, except to play his cards. He sees none come in, none go out. Death might groan on one side of the room, and marriage might sport on the other, —he would know neither. Every created influence is shut out; one thing only moves him—the ***game;*** and that leaves not one pulse of excita-

bility unaroused, but stirs his soul to the very dregs.

Very different is the roistering gamester. He bears a jolly face, a glistening eye something watery through watching and drink. His fingers are manacled in rings; his bosom glows with pearls and diamonds. He learns the time which he wastes from a watch full gorgeously carved, (and not with the most modest scenes,) and slung around his neck by a ponderous golden chain. There is not so splendid a fellow to be seen sweeping through the streets. The landlord makes him welcome—he will bear a full bill. The tailor smiles like May—he will buy half his shop. Other places bid him welcome—he will bear large stealings.

Like the Judge, he makes his circuit, but not for justice; like the Preacher, he has his appointments, but not for instruction. His circuits are the race-courses, the crowded capital, days of general convocation, conventions, and mass-gatherings. He will flame on the race-track, bet his thousands, and beat the ring at swearing, oaths vernacular, imported, simple, or compound. The drinking-booth smokes when he draws in his welcome suit. Did you see him only by day, flaming in apparel, jovial and free-hearted at the Restaurateur or Hotel, you would think him a Prince let loose—a cross between Prince Hal and Falstaff.

But night is his day. These are mere exercises, and brief prefaces to his real accomplishments. He is a good fellow, who dares play deeper; he is wild indeed, who seems wilder; and he is keen indeed, who is sharper than he is, after all this show of frankness. No one is quicker, slyer, and more alert at a game. He can shuffle the pack till an honest man would as soon think of looking for a particular drop of water in the ocean, as for a particular card in any particular place. Perhaps *he* is ignorant which is at the top and which at the bottom! At any rate, watch him closely, or you will get a lean hand and he a fat one. A plain man would think him a wizard or the devil. When he touches a pack they seem *alive*, and acting to his *will* rather than his *touch*. He deals them like lightning, they rain like snow-flakes, sometimes one, sometimes two, if need be four or five together, and his hand hardly moved. If he loses, very well, he laughs; if he gains, he only laughs a little more. Full of stories, full of songs, full of wit, full of roistering spirit—yet do not trespass too much upon his good nature with insult! All this outside is only the spotted hide which covers the tiger. He who provokes this man, shall see what lightning can break out of a summer-seeming cloud!

These do not fairly represent the race of gam-

blers,—conveying too favorable an impression. There is one, often met on Steam-boats, travelling solely to gamble. He has the servants, or steward, or some partner, in league with him, to fleece every unwary player whom he inveigles to a game. He deals falsely; heats his dupe to madness by drink, drinking none himself; watches the signal of his accomplice telegraphing his opponent's hand; at a stray look, he will slip your money off and steal it. To cover false playing, or to get rid of paying losses, he will lie fiercely, and swear uproariously, and break up the play to fight with knife or pistol—first scraping the table of every penny. When the passengers are asleep, he surveys the luggage, to see what may be worth stealing; he pulls a watch from under the pillow of one sleeper; fumbles in the pockets of another; and gathers booty throughout the cabin. Leaving the boat before morning, he appears at some village hotel, a magnificent gentleman, a polished traveller, or even a distinguished nobleman!

There is another gambler, cowardly, sleek, stealthy, humble, mousing, and mean—a simple blood-sucker. For money, he will be a tool to other gamblers; steal for them, and from them; he plays the jackal, and searches victims for them, humbly satisfied to pick the bones afterward. Thus, (to em-

ploy his own language,) he *ropes in* the inexperienced young, flatters them, teaches them, inflames their passions, purveys to their appetites, cheats them, debauches them, draws them down to his own level, and then lords it over them in malignant meanness. Himself impure, he plunges others into lasciviousness; and with a train of reeking satellites, he revolves a few years in the orbit of the game, the brothel, and the doctor's shop; then sinks and dies: the world is purer, and good men thank God that he is gone.

Besides these, time would fail me to describe the ineffable dignity of a gambling judge; the cautious, phlegmatic lawyer, gambling from sheer avarice; the broken-down and cast-away politician, seeking in the game the needed excitement, and a fair field for all the base tricks he once played off as a patriot; the pert, sharp, keen, jockey-gambler; the soaked, obese, plethoric, wheezing, bacchanal; and a crowd of ignoble worthies, wearing all the badges and titles of vice, throughout its base peerage.

A detail of the evils of gambling should be preceded by an illustration of that constitution of mind out of which they mainly spring—I mean its EXCITABILITY. The body is not stored with a fixed amount of strength, nor the mind with a uniform measure of excitement; but both are capable, by

stimulation, of expansion of strength or feeling, almost without limit. Experience shows, that within certain bounds, excitement is healthful and necessary, but beyond this limit, exhausting and destructive. Men are allowed to choose between moderate but long-continued excitement, and intense but short-lived excitement. Too generally they prefer the latter. To gain this intense thrill, a thousand methods are tried. The inebriate obtains it by drink and drugs; the politician, by the keen interest of the civil campaign; the young by amusements which violently inflame and gratify their appetites. When once this higher flavor of stimulus has been tasted, all that is less becomes vapid and disgustful. A sailor tries to live on shore; a few weeks suffice. To be sure, there is no hardship, or cold, or suffering; but neither is there the strong excitement of the ocean, the gale, the storm, and the world of strange sights. The politician perceives that his private affairs are deranged, his family neglected, his character aspersed, his feelings exacerbated. When men hear him confess that his career is a hideous waking dream, the race vexatious, and the end vanity, they wonder that he clings to it; but *he* knows that nothing but the fiery wine which he has tasted will rouse up that intense excitement, now become necessary to his happiness. For this reason, great men often

cling to public office with all its envy, jealousy, care, toil, hates, competitions, and unrequited fidelity; for these very disgusts, and the perpetual struggle, strike a deeper chord of excitement than is possible to the gentler touches of home, friendship and love. Here too is the key to the real evil of promiscuous novel-reading, to the habit of reverie and mental romancing. None of life's common duties can excite to such wild pleasure as these; and they must be continued, or the mind reäcts into the lethargy of fatigue and *ennui.* It is upon this principle that men love *pain;* suffering is painful to a spectator; but in tragedies, at public executions, at pugilistic combats, at cock-fightings, horse-races, bear-baitings, bull-fights, gladiatorial shows, it excites a jaded mind as nothing else can. A tyrant torments for the same reason that a girl reads her tear-bedewed romance, or an inebriate drinks his dram. No longer susceptible even to inordinate stimuli, actual moans, and shrieks, and the writhing of utter agony, just suffice to excite his worn-out sense, and inspire, probably, less emotion than ordinary men have in listening to a tragedy or reading a bloody novel.

Gambling is founded upon the very worst perversion of this powerful element of our nature. It heats every part of the mind like an oven. The faculties which produce calculation, pride of skill, of superi-

ority, love of gain, hope, fear, jealousy, hatred, are absorbed in the game, and exhilarated, or exacerbated by victory or defeat. These passions are, doubtless, excited in men by the daily occurrences of life; but then they are transient, and counteracted by a thousand grades of emotion, which rise and fall like the undulations of the sea. But in gambling there is no intermission, no counteraction. The whole mind is excited to the utmost, and concentrated at its extreme point of excitation for hours and days, with the additional waste of sleepless nights, profuse drinking, and other congenial immoralities. Every other pursuit becomes tasteless; for no ordinary duty has in it a stimulus which can scorch a mind which now refuses to burn without blazing, or to feel an interest which is not intoxication. The victim of excitement is like a mariner who ventures into the edge of a whirlpool for a motion more exhilarating than plain sailing. He is unalarmed during the first few gyrations, for escape is easy. But each turn sweeps him further in; the power augments, the speed becomes terrific as he rushes toward the vortex; all escape now hopeless. A noble ship went in; it is spit out in broken fragments, splintered spars, crushed masts, and cast up for many a rood along the shore. The specific evils of gambling may now be almost imagined.

I. It diseases the mind, unfitting it for the duties of life. Gamblers are seldom industrious men in any useful vocation. A gambling mechanic finds his labor less relishful as his passion for play increases. He grows unsteady, neglects his work, becomes unfaithful to promises; what he performs he slights. Little jobs seem little enough; he desires immense contracts, whose uncertainty has much the excitement of gambling—and for the best of reasons; and in the pursuit of great and sudden profits, by wild schemes, he stumbles over into ruin, leaving all who employed or trusted him in the rubbish of his speculations.

A gambling lawyer, neglecting the drudgery of his profession, will court its exciting duties. To explore authorities, compare reasons, digest, and write,—this is tiresome. But to advocate, to engage in fiery contests with keen opponents, this is nearly as good as gambling. Many a ruined client has cursed the law, and cursed a stupid jury, and cursed everybody for his irretrievable loss, except his lawyer, who gambled all night when he should have prepared the case, and came half asleep and debauched into court in the morning to lose a good case mismanaged, and snatched from his gambling hands by the art of sober opponents.

A gambling student, if such a thing can be, with-

draws from thoughtful authors to the brilliant and spicy; from the pure among these, to the sharp and ribald; from all *reading* about depraved life, to *seeing;* from sight to experience. Gambling vitiates the imagination, corrupts the tastes, destroys the industry—for no man will drudge for cents, who gambles for dollars by the hundred; or practise a piddling economy, while, with almost equal indifference, he makes or loses five hundred in a night.

II. For a like reason, it destroys all domestic habits and affections. Home is a prison to an invetcrate gambler; there is no air there that he can breathe. For a moment he may sport with his children, and smile upon his wife; but his heart, its strong passions, are not there. A little branch-rill may flow through the family, but the deep river of his affections flows away from home. On the issue of a game, Tacitus narrates that the ancient Germans would stake their property, their wives, their children, and themselves. What less than this is it, when a man will stake that property which is to give his family bread, and that honor which gives them place and rank in society?

When *playing* becomes desperate *gambling*, the heart is a hearth where all the fires of gentle feelings have smouldered to ashes; and a thorough-paced gamester could rattle dice in a charnel-house, and

wrangle for his stakes amid murder, and pocket gold dripping with the blood of his own kindred.

III. Gambling is the parent and companion of every vice which pollutes the heart, or injures society.

It is a practice so disallowed among Christians, and so excluded by mere moralists, and so hateful to industrious and thriving men, that those who practise it are shut up to themselves; unlike lawful pursuits, it is not modified or restrained by collision with others. Gamblers herd with gamblers. They tempt and provoke each other to all evil, without affording one restraint, and without providing the counterbalance of a single virtuous impulse. They are like snakes coiling among snakes, poison and poisoning; like plague-patients, infected and diffusing infection; each sick, and all contagious. It is impossible to put bad men together and not have them grow worse. The herding of convicts promiscuously, produced such a fermentation of depravity, that, long ago, legislators forbade it. When criminals, out of jail, herd together by choice, the same corrupt nature will doom them to growing loathsomeness, because to increasing wickedness.

IV. It is a provocative of thirst. The bottle is almost as needful as the card, the ball, or the dice. Some are seduced to drink; some drink for imita-

tion, at first, and fashion. When super-excitements, at intervals, subside, their victim cannot bear the deathlike gloom of the reaction; and, by drugs or liquor, wind up their system to the glowing point again. Therefore, drinking is the invariable concomitant of the theatre, circus, race-course, gaming-table, and of all amusements which powerfully excite all but the moral feelings. When the double fires of dice and brandy blaze under a man, he will soon be consumed. If men are found who do not drink, they are the more noticeable because exceptions.

V. It is, even in its fairest form, the almost inevitable *cause of dishonesty*. Robbers have robbers' honor; thieves have thieves' law; and pirates conform to pirates' regulations. But where is there a gambler's code? One law there is, and this not universal, *pay your gambling debts*. But on the wide question, *how is it fair to win*—what law is there? What will shut a man out from a gambler's club? May he not discover his opponent's hand by fraud? May not a concealed thread, pulling the significant *one;—one, two;* or *one, two, three;* or the sign of a bribed servant or waiter, inform him, and yet his standing be fair? May he not cheat in shuffling, and yet be in full orders and canonical? May he not cheat in dealing, and yet be a welcome

gambler?—may he not steal the money from your pile by laying his hands upon it, just as any other thief would, and yet be an approved gambler? May not the whole code be stated thus: *Pay what you lose, get what you can, and in any way you can!* I am told, perhaps, that there are honest gamblers, gentlemanly gamblers. Certainly; there are always ripe apples before there are rotten. Men always *begin* before they *end;* there is always an approximation before there is contact. Players will play truly till they get used to playing untruly; will be honest, till they cheat; will be honorable, till they become base; and when you have said all this, what does it amount to but this, that men who *really* gamble, really cheat; and that they only do not cheat, who are not *yet* real gamblers? If this mends the matter, let it be so amended. I have spoken of gamesters only among themselves; this is the least part of the evil; for who is concerned when lions destroy bears, or wolves devour wolf-cubs, or snakes sting vipers? In respect to that department of gambling which includes the *roping-in* of strangers, young men, collecting-clerks, and unsuspecting green-hands, and robbing them, I have no language strong enough to mark down its turpitude, its infernal rapacity. After hearing many of the scenes not unfamiliar to every gambler, I think

Satan might be proud of their dealings, and look up to them with that deferential respect, with which one monster gazes upon a superior. There is not even the expectation of honesty. Some scullion-herald of iniquity decoys the unwary wretch into the secret room; he is tempted to drink; made confident by the specious simplicity of the game; allowed to win; and every bait and lure and blind is employed—then he is plucked to the skin by tricks which appear as fair as honesty itself. The robber avows *his* deed, does it openly; the gambler sneaks to the same result under skulking pretences. There is a frank way, and a mean way of doing a wicked thing. The gambler takes the meanest way of doing the dirtiest deed. The victim's own partner is sucking his blood; it is a league of sharpers, to get his money at any rate; and the wickedness is so unblushing and unmitigated, that it gives, at last, an instance of what the deceitful human heart, knavish as it is, is ashamed to try to cover or conceal; but confesses with helpless honesty, that it is fraud, cheating, *stealing*, *robbery*,—and nothing else.

If I walk the dark street, and a perishing, hungry wretch meets me and bears off my purse with but a single dollar, the whole town awakes; the officers are alert, the myrmidons of the law scout, and hunt, and bring in the trembling culprit to stow him

in the jail. But a worse thief may meet me, decoy my steps, and by a greater dishonesty, filch ten thousand dollars,—and what then? The story spreads, the sharpers move abroad unharmed, no one stirs. It is the day's conversation; and like a sound it rolls to the distance, and dies in an echo.

Shall such astounding iniquities be vomited out amidst us, and no man care? Do we love our children, and yet let them walk in a den of vipers? Shall we pretend to virtue, and purity, and religion, and yet make partners of our social life, men whose heart has conceived such damnable deeds, and whose hands have performed them? Shall there be even in the eye of religion no difference between the corruptor of youth and their guardian? Are all the lines and marks of morality so effaced, is the nerve and courage of virtue so quailed by the frequency and boldness of flagitious crimes, that men, covered over with wickedness, shall find their iniquity no obstacle to their advancement among a Christian people?

In almost every form of iniquity there is some shade or trace of good. We have in gambling a crime standing alone—dark, malignant, uncompounded wickedness! It seems in its full growth a monster without a tender mercy, devouring its own offspring without one feeling but appetite. A game-

ster, as such, is the cool, calculating, essential *spirit* of concentrated avaricious selfishness. His intellect is a living thing, quickened with double life for villany; his heart is steel of fourfold temper. When a man *begins* to gamble he is as a noble tree full of sap, green with leaves, a shade to beasts, and a covert to birds. When one *becomes* a thorough gambler, he is like that tree lightning-smitten, rotten in root, dry in branch, and sapless; seasoned hard and tough; nothing lives beneath it, nothing on its branches, unless a hawk or a vulture perches for a moment to whet its beak, and fly screaming away for its prey.

To every young man who indulges in the least form of gambling, I raise a warning voice! Under the specious name of AMUSEMENT, you are laying the foundation of gambling. Playing is the seed which comes up gambling. It is the light wind which brings up the storm. It is the white frost which preludes the winter. You are mistaken, however, in supposing that it is harmless in its earliest beginnings. Its terrible blight belongs, doubtless, to a later stage; but its consumption of time, its destruction of industry, its distaste for the calmer pleasures of life, belong to the very *beginning*. You will begin to play with every generous feeling. Amusement will be the plea. At the beginning the game will excite en-

thusiasm, pride of skill, the love of mastery, and the love of money. The love of money, at first almost imperceptible, at last will rule out all the rest,—like Aaron's rod,—a serpent, swallowing every other serpent. Generosity, enthusiasm, pride and skill, love of mastery, will be absorbed in one mighty feeling,—the savage lust of lucre.

There is a downward climax in this sin. The opening and ending are fatally connected, and drawn toward each other with almost irresistible attraction. If gambling is a vortex, playing is the outer ring of the Maelstrom. The thousand pound stake, the whole estate put up on a game—what are these but the instruments of kindling that tremendous excitement which a diseased heart craves? What is the *amusement* for which you play but the *excitement* of the game? And for what but this does the jaded gambler play? You differ from him only in the degree of the same feeling. Do not solace yourself that you shall escape because others have; for they *stopped*, and *you go on*. Are you as safe as they, when you are in the gulf-stream of perdition, and they on the shore? But have you ever asked, *how many* have escaped? Not one in a thousand is left unblighted! You have nine hundred and ninety-nine chances *against* you, and one for you; and will you go on? If a disease should

stalk through the town, devouring whole families and sparing not one in five hundred, would you lie down under it quietly because you had one chance in five hundred? Had a scorpion stung you, would it alleviate your pangs to reflect that you had only one chance in one hundred? Had you swallowed corrosive poison, would it ease your convulsions to think there was only one chance in fifty for you? I do not call every man who plays a gambler, but a gambler in *embryo*. Let me trace your course from the amusement of innocent playing to its almost inevitable end.

Scene first. A genteel coffee-house,—whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar; and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand; he does not love the drink, nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both. Why is he here? He is a whole-souled fellow, and is afraid to seem ashamed of any fashionable gaiety. He will sip his wine upon the importunity of a friend newly come to town, and is too polite to spoil that friend's pleasure by refusing a part in the game. They sit, shuffle, deal; the night wears on, the clock telling no tale of passing hours—the prudent

liquor-fiend has made it safely dumb. The night is getting old; its dank air grows fresher; the east is grey; the gaming and drinking and hilarious laughter are over, and the youths wending homeward. What says conscience? No matter what it says; they did not hear, and we will not. Whatever was said, it was very shortly answered thus: "This has not been gambling; all were gentlemen; there was no cheating; simply a convivial evening; no stakes except the bills incident to the entertainment. If anybody blames a young man for a little innocent exhilaration on a special occasion, he is a superstitious bigot; let him croak!" Such a garnished game is made the text to justify the whole round of gambling. Let us, then, look at

Scene the second. In a room so silent that there is no sound except the shrill cock crowing the morning, where the forgotten candles burn dimly over the long and lengthened wick, sit four men. Carved marble could not be more motionless, save their hands. Pale, watchful, though weary, their eyes pierce the cards, or furtively read each other's faces. Hours have passed over them thus. At length they rise without words; some, with a satisfaction which only makes their faces brightly haggard, scrape off the piles of money; others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, move away from their lost money.

The darkest and fiercest of the four is that young friend who first sat down to make out a game! He will never sit so innocently again. What says he to his conscience now? I have a right to gamble; I have a right to be damned too, if I choose; whose business is it?"

Scene the third. Years have passed on. He has seen youth ruined, at first with expostulation, then with only silent regret, then consenting to take part of the spoils; and finally, he has himself decoyed, duped, and stripped them without mercy. Go with me into that dilapidated house, not far from the landing, at New Orleans. Look into that dirty room. Around a broken table, sitting upon boxes, kegs, or rickety chairs, see a filthy crew dealing cards smouched with tobacco, grease and liquor. One has a pirate-face burnished and burnt with brandy; a shock of grizzly, matted hair, half covering his villain eyes, which glare out like a wild beast's from a thicket. Close by him wheezes a white-faced, dropsical wretch, vermin-covered, and stenchful. A scoundrel-Spaniard, and a burly negro, (the jolliest of the four,) complete the group. They have spectators—drunken sailors, and ogling, thieving, drinking women, who should have died long ago, when all that was womanly died. Here hour draws on hour, sometimes with brutal laugh-

ter, sometimes with threat, and oath, and uproar. The last few stolen dollars lost, and temper too, each charges each with cheating, and high words ensue, and blows; and the whole gang burst out the door, beating, biting, scratching, and rolling over and over in the dirt and dust. The worst, the fiercest, the drunkest, of the four, is our friend who began by making up the game?

Scene the fourth. Upon this bright day, stand with me, if you would be sick of humanity, and look over that multitude of men kindly gathered to see a murderer hung! At last, a guarded cart drags on a thrice-guarded wretch. At the gallows' ladder his courage fails. His coward-feet refuse to ascend; dragged up, he is supported by bustling officials; his brain reels, his eye swims, while the meek minister utters a final prayer by his leaden ear. The prayer is said, the noose is fixed, the signal is given; a shudder runs through the crowd as he swings free. After a moment, his convulsed limbs stretch down, and hang heavily and still; and he who began to gamble to make up a game, and ended with stabbing an enraged victim whom he had fleeced, has here played his last game,—himself the stake!

I feel impelled, in closing, to call the attention of all sober citizens to some potent influences which are exerted in favor of gambling.

In our civil economy we have Legislators to devise and enact wholesome laws; Lawyers to counsel and aid those who need the laws' relief; and Judges to determine and administer the laws. If Legislators, Lawyers, and Judges are gamblers, with what hope do we warn off the young from this deadly fascination, against such authoritative examples of high public functionaries? With what eminent fitness does that Judge press the bench, who in private commits the vices which officially he is set to condemn! With what singular terrors does he frown on a convicted gambler with whom he played last night, and will play again to-night! How wisely should the fine be light which the sprightly criminal will win and pay out of the Judge's own pocket!

With the name of JUDGE is associated ideas of immaculate purity, sober piety, and fearless, favorless justice. Let it then be counted a dark crime for a recreant official so far to forget his reverend place, and noble office, as to run the gantlet of filthy vices, and make the word *Judge*, to suggest an incontinent trifler, who smites with his mouth, and smirks with his eye; who holds the rod to strike the criminal, and smites only the law to make a gap for criminals to pass through! If God loves this land,

may he save it from truckling, drinking, swearing, gambling, vicious Judges!*

With such Judges I must associate corrupt Legislators, whose bawling patriotism leaks out in all the sinks of infamy at the Capital. These living exemplars of vice, pass still-born laws against vice. Are such men sent to the Capital only to practise debauchery? Laborious seedsmen—they gather every germ of evil; and laborious sowers—at home they strew them far and wide! It is a burning shame, a high outrage, that public men, by corrupting the young with the example of manifold vices, should pay back their constituents for their honors!

Our land has little to fear from abroad, and much from within. We can bear foreign aggression, scarcity, the revulsions of commerce, plagues, and pestilences; but we cannot bear vicious Judges, corrupt Courts, gambling Legislators, and a vicious, corrupt, and gambling constituency. Let us not be deceived! The decay of civil institutions begins at the core. The outside wears all the lovely hues of ripeness, when the inside is rotting. Decline does not begin in bold and startling acts; but, as in autumnal leaves, in rich and glowing colors. Over diseased

* The general eminent integrity of the Bench is unquestionable—and no remarks in the text are to be construed as an oblique aspersion of the profession. But the purer our Judges generally, the more shameless is it that some will not abandon either their vices or their office.

vitals, consumptive laws wear the hectic blush, a brilliant eye, and transparent skin. Could the public sentiment declare that PERSONAL MORALITY is the first element of patriotism; that corrupt Legislators are the most pernicious of criminals; that the Judge who lets the villain off, is the villain's patron; that tolerance of crime is intolerance of virtue,—our nation might defy all enemies and live forever!

And now, my young friends, I beseech you to let alone this evil before it be meddled with. You are safe from vice when you avoid even its appearance; and only then. The first steps to wickedness are imperceptible. We do not wonder at the inexperience of Adam; but it is wonderful that six thousand years' repetition of the same arts, and the same uniform disaster, should have taught men nothing! that generation after generation should perish, and the wreck be no warning!

The mariner searches his chart for hidden rocks, stands off from perilous shoals, and steers wide of reefs on which hang shattered morsels of wrecked ships, and runs in upon dangerous shores with the ship manned, the wheel in hand, and the lead constantly sounding. But the mariner upon life's sea, carries no chart of other men's voyages, drives before every wind that will speed him, draws upon horrid shores with slumbering crew, or heads in

upon roaring reefs as though he would not perish where thousands have perished before him.

Hell is populated with the victims of "*harmless amusements.*" Will man never learn that the way to hell is through the valley of DECEIT? The power of Satan to *hold* his victims is nothing to that mastery of art by which he first *gains* them. When he approaches to charm us, it is not as a grim fiend, gleaming from a lurid cloud, but as an angel of light radiant with innocence. His words fall like dew upon the flower; as musical as the crystal-drop warbling from a fountain. Beguiled by his art, he leads you to the enchanted ground. Oh! how it glows with every refulgent hue of heaven! Afar off he marks the dismal gulf of vice and crime; its smoke of torment slowly rising, and rising forever! and he himself cunningly warns you of its dread disaster, for the very purpose of blinding and drawing you thither. He leads you to captivity through all the bowers of lulling magic. He plants your foot on odorous flowers; he fans your cheek with balmy breath; he overhangs your head with rosy clouds; he fills your ear with distant, drowsy music, charming every sense to rest. Oh ye! who have thought the way to hell was bleak and frozen as Norway, parched and barren as Sahara, strewed like Golgotha with bones and skulls reeking with

stench like the vale of Gehenna,—witness your mistake! The way to hell is gorgeous! It is a highway, cast up; no lion is there, no ominous bird to hoot a warning, no echoings of the wailing-pit, no lurid gleams of distant fires, or moaning sounds of hidden woe! Paradise is imitated to build you a way to death; the flowers of heaven are stolen and poisoned; the sweet plant of knowledge is here; the pure white flower of religion; seeming virtue and the charming tints of innocence are scattered all along like native herbage. The enchanted victim travels on. Standing afar behind, and from a silver-trumpet, a heavenly messenger sends down the wind a solemn warning: THERE IS A WAY WHICH SEEMETH RIGHT TO MAN, BUT THE END THEREOF IS DEATH. And again, with louder blast: THE WISE MAN FORESEETH THE EVIL; FOOLS PASS ON AND ARE PUNISHED. Startled for a moment, the victim pauses; gazes round upon the flowery scene, and whispers, *Is it not harmless?*—"*Harmless*," responds a serpent from the grass!—"*Harmless*," echo the sighing winds!—*Harmless*," re-echo a hundred airy tongues! If now a gale from heaven might only sweep the clouds away through which the victim gazes; oh! if God would break that potent power which chains the blasts of hell, and let the sulphur-stench roll up the vale, how would the vision change!—the road

become a track of dead men's bones!—the heavens a lowering storm!—the balmy breezes, distant wailings—and all those balsam-shrubs that lied to his senses, sweat drops of blood upon their poison-boughs!

Ye who are meddling with the edges of vice, ye are on this road!—and utterly duped by its enchantments! Your eye has already lost its honest glance, your taste has lost its purity, your heart throbs with poison! The leprosy is all over you, its blotches and eruptions cover you. Your feet stand on slippery places, whence in due time they shall slide, if you refuse the warning which I raise. They shall slide from heaven, never to be visited by a gambler; slide down to that fiery abyss below you, out of which none ever come. Then, when the last card is cast, and the game over, and you lost; then, when the echo of your fall shall ring through hell,—in malignant triumph, shall the Arch-Gambler, who cunningly played for your soul, have his prey! Too late you shall look back upon life as a MIGHTY GAME, in which you were the stake, and Satan the winner!

LECTURE VI.

All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

Surely one cannot declare the whole counsel of God, and leave out a subject which is interwoven with almost every chapter of the Bible. So invetcrate is the prejudice against introducing into the pulpit the subject of Licentiousness, that Ministers of the Gospel, knowing the vice to be singularly dangerous and frequent, have yet by silence almost complete, or broken only by circuitous allusions, manifested their submission to the popular taste.* That Vice upon which it has pleased God to be more explicit and full than upon any other; against which he uttered his voice upon Sinai, *Thou shalt*

* The liberality with which this Lecture was condemned before I had written it, and the prompt criticisms afterwards, of those who did not hear it, have induced me to print it almost unaltered. Otherwise I should have changed many portions of it from forms of expression peculiar to the pulpit into those better suited to a book.

not commit adultery; upon which the lawgiver, Moses, legislated with boldness; which Judges condemned; upon which the venerable Prophets spake oft and again; against which Christ with singular directness and plainness uttered the purity of religion; and upon which He inspired Paul to discourse to the Corinthians, and to almost every primitive church; this subject, upon which the Bible does not so much speak, as thunder—not by a single bolt, but peal after peal—we are solemnly warned not to introduce into the pulpit!

I am entirely aware of the delicacy of introducing this subject into the pulpit.

One difficulty arises from the sensitiveness of unaffected purity. A mind, retaining all the dew and freshness of innocence, shrinks from the very *idea* of impurity, as if it were sin to have thought or heard of it,—as if even the shadow of the evil would leave some soil upon the unsullied whiteness of the virgin-mind. Shall we be angry with this? or shall we rudely rebuke so amiable a feeling, because it regrets a necessary duty? God forbid! If there be, in the world, that whose generous faults should be rebuked only by the tenderness of a reproving smile, it is the mistake of inexperienced purity. We would as soon pelt an angel, bewildered among men and half smothered with earth's noxious va-

pors, for his trembling apprehensions. To any such, who have half wished that I might not speak, I say:—Nor would I, did I not know that purity will suffer more by the silence of shame, than by the honest voice of truth.

Another difficulty springs from the nature of the English language, which has hardly been framed in a school where it may wind and fit itself to all the phases of impurity. But were I speaking French —the dialect of refined sensualism and of licentious literature; the language of a land where taste and learning and art wait upon the altars of impurity— then I might copiously speak of this evil, nor use one plain word. But I thank God, the honest English tongue which I have learned, has never been so bred to this vile subservience of evil. We have plain words enough to say plain things, but the dignity and manliness of our language has never grown supple to twine around brilliant dissipation. It has *too many* plain words, vulgar words, vile words; but it has few mirror-words, which cast a sidelong image of an idea; it has few words which wear a meaning smile, a courtesan-glance significant of something unexpressed. When public vice necessitates public reprehension, it is, for these reasons, diffiult to redeem plainness from vulgarity. We must speak plainly and properly; or else speak by *innuendo*—which is the devil's language.

Another difficulty lies in the confused echoes which vile men create in every community, when the pulpit disturbs them. Do I not know the arts of cunning men? Did not Demetrius, the Silversmith (worthy to have lived in our day!) become most wonderfully pious, and run all over the city to rouse up the dormant zeal of Diana's worshippers, and gather a mob, to whom he preached *that Diana must be cared for;* when, to his fellow-craftsmen, he told the truth: OUR CRAFT IS IN DANGER! Men will not quietly be exposed. They foresee the rising of a virtuously retributive public sentiment, as the mariner sees the cloud of the storm rolling up the heavens! They strive to forestall and resist it. How loudly will a liquor-fiend protest against temperance lectures—sinful enough for redeeming victims from his paw! How sensitive some men to a church bell! they are high priests of revivals at a horse-race, a theatre, or a liquor-supper; but a religious revival pains their sober minds. Even thus, the town will be made vocal with outcries against sermons on licentiousness. Who cries out?—the sober?—the immaculate?—the devout? It is the voice of the son of midnight; it is the shriek of the STRANGE WOMAN'S victim! and their sensitiveness is not of purity, but of fear! Men protest against the indecency of the pulpit, because the pulpit makes

them feel their own indecency; they would drive us from the investigation of vice, that they may keep the field open for their own occupancy. I expect such men's reproaches. I know the reasons of them. I am not to be turned by them, not one hair's breadth, if they rise to double their present volume, until I have hunted home the wolf to his lair, and ripped off his brindled hide in his very den!

Another difficulty exists, in the criminal fastidiousness of the community upon this subject. This is the counterfeit of delicacy. It resembles it less than paste-jewels do the pure pearl. Where delicacy, the atmosphere of a pure heart, is lost, or never was had, a substitute is sought; and is found in *forms* of delicacy, not in its *feelings*. It is a delicacy of exterior, of etiquette, of show, of rules; not of *thought*, not of pure *imagination*, not of the crystal-current of the *heart!* Criminal fastidiousness is the Pharisee's sepulchre; clean, white, beautiful without, full of dead men's bones within! —the Pharisee's platter, the Pharisee's cup—it is the very Pharisee himself; and like him of old, lays on burdens grievous to be borne. Delicacy is a spring which God has sunken in the rock, which the winter never freezes, the summer never heats; which sends its quiet waters with music down the flowery hill-side, and which is pure and transparent, because

it has at the bottom no sediment. I would that every one of us had this well of life, gushing from our hearts—an everlasting and full stream!

False modesty always judges by the outside; it cares *how* you speak, more than *what*. That which would outrage in plain words, may be implied furtively, in the sallies of wit or fancy, and be admissible. Every day I see this giggling modesty, which blushes at *language* more than at its *meaning;* which smiles upon base things, if they will appear in the *garb* of virtue! That disease of mind to which I have frequently alluded in these lectures, which leads it to clothe vice beautifully and *then* admit it, has had a fatal effect also upon Literature; giving currency to filth, by coining it in the mint of beauty. It is under the influence of this disease of taste and heart, that we hear expressed such strange judgments upon English authors. Those who speak plainly what they mean, when they speak at all, are called rude and vulgar; while those upon whose exquisite sentences the dew of indelicacy rests like so many brilliant pearls of the morning upon flowers, are called our moral authors!

The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations and mischievous polish reflect upon the mind the image of impurity, without presenting the impurity itself. A

plain vulgarity in a writer is its own antidote. It is like a foe who attacks us openly, and give us opportunity of defence. But impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend who strolls with us in a garden of sweets, and destroys us by the odor of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses. Let the reprehensible grossness of Chaucer be compared with the perfumed, elaborate brilliancy of Moore's license. I would not willingly answer at the bar of God for the writings of either; but of the two, I would rather bear the sin of Chaucer's plain-spoken words, which never suggest more than they say, than the sin of Moore's language, over which plays a witching hue and shade of licentiousness. I would rather put the downright, and often abominable vulgarity of Swift into my child's hand, than the scoundrel-indirections of Sterne. They are both impure writers; but not equally harmful. The one says what he means; the other means what he dare not say. Swift is, in this respect, Belial in his own form; Sterne is Satan in the form of an *angel of light:* and many will receive the temptation of the Angel, who would scorn the proffer of the Demon. What an incredible state of morals, in the English church, that permitted two of her eminent clergy to be the most licentious writers of the age, and as impure as almost any of the English literature! Even

our most classic authors have chosen to elaborate, with exquisite art, scenes which cannot but have more effect upon the passions than upon the taste. Embosomed in the midst of Thomson's glowing Seasons, one finds descriptions unsurpassed by any part of Don Juan; and as much more dangerous than it is, as a courtesan, countenanced by virtuous society, is more dangerous than when among her own associates. Indeed, an author who surprises you with refined indelicacies in moral and reputable writings, is worse than one, who, without disguise, and on purpose, serves up a whole banquet of indelicacies. Many will admit poison-morsels well sugared, who would revolt from an infernal feast of impurity. There is little danger that *robbers* will tempt the honest young to robbery. Some one first tempts him to falsehood; next, to petty dishonesties; next, to pilfering; then, to thieving; and now, only, will the robber influence him, when others have handed him down to his region of crime. Those authors who soften evil, and show deformity with tints of beauty; who arm their general purity with the occasional sting of impurity;—these are they who take the feet out of the straight path—the guiltiest path of seduction. He who feeds an inflamed appetite with food spiced to fire, is less guilty than he who hid in the mind the leaven which

wrought this appetite. The polished seducer is certainly more dangerous than the vulgar debauchee—both in life and in literature.

In this contrast are to be placed Shakespeare and Bulwer: Shakespeare is sometimes gross, but not often covertly impure. Bulwer is slily impure, but not often gross. I am speaking, however, only of Shakespeare's Plays, and not of his youthful fugitive pieces; which, I am afraid, cannot have part in this exception. He began wrong, but grew better. At first, he wrote by the taste of his age; but when a man, he wrote to his own taste: and though he is not without sin, yet, compared with his contemporaries, he is not more illustrious for his genius than for his purity. Reprehension, to be effective, should be just. No man is prepared to excuse properly the occasional blemishes of this wonderful writer, who has not been shocked at the immeasurable licentiousness of the Dramatists of his cycle. One play of Ford, one act, one conversation, has more abominations than the whole world of Shakespeare. Let those women, who ignorantly sneer at Shakespeare, remember that they are indebted to him for the noblest conceptions of woman's character in our literature—the more praiseworthy, because he found no models in current authors. The occasional touches of truth and womanly delicacy in the early Drama

tists are no compensation for the wholesale coarseness and vulgarity of their female characters. In Shakespeare, woman appears in her true form—pure, disinterested, ardent, devoted; capable of the noblest feelings and of the highest deeds. The *language* of many of Shakespeare's women would be shocking in our day; but so would be the domestic manners of that age. The same actions may in one age be a sign of corruption, and be perfectly innocent in another. No one is shocked that in a pioneer-cabin, one room serves for a parlor, a kitchen, and a bed-room, for the whole family, and for promiscuous guests. Should fastidiousness revolt at this, as vulgar,—the vulgarity must be accredited to the fastidiousness, and not to the custom. Yet, it would be inexcusable in a refined metropolis, and everywhere the moment it ceases to be necessary. But nothing in these remarks must apologize for language or deed, which indicates an impure heart. No age, no custom, may plead extenuation for essential lust; and no sound mind can refrain from commendation of the master-dramatist of the world, when he learns that in writing for a most licentious age, he rose above it so far as to become something like a model to it of a more virtuous way. Shakespeare left the dramatical literature immeasurably purer than it came to him.

Bulwer has made the English novel-literature more vile than he found it. The one was a reformer, the other an implacable corrupter. We respect and admire the one, (while we mark his faults,) because he withstood his age; and we despise with utter loathing the other, whose specific gravity of wickedness sunk him below the level of his own age. With a moderate caution, Shakespeare may be safely put into the hands of the young. I regard the admission of Bulwer as a crime against the first principles of virtue.

In all the cases which I have considered, you will remark a greater indulgence to that impurity which breaks out on the surface, than to that which lurks in the blood and destroys the constitution. It is the curse of our literature that it is traversed by so many rills of impurity. It is a vast champaign, waving with unexampled luxuriance of flower, and vine, and fruit; but the poisonous flower everywhere mingles with the pure; and the deadly cluster lays its cheek on the wholesome grape; nay, in the same cluster grow both the harmless and the hurtful berry; so that the hand can hardly be stretched out to gather flower or fruit without coming back poisoned. It is both a shame and an amazing wonder, that the literature of a Christian nation should reek with a filth which Pagan antiquity

could scarcely endure; that the Ministers of Christ should have left floating in the pool of offensive writings, much that would have brought blood to the cheek of a Roman priest, and have shamed an actor of the school of Aristophanes. Literature is, in turn, both the cause and effect of the spirit of the age. Its effect upon this age has been to create a lively relish for exquisitely artful licentiousness, and disgust only for vulgarity. A witty, brilliant, suggestive indecency is tolerated for the sake of its genius. An age which translates and floods the community with French novels, (inspired by Venus and Bacchus,) which reprints in popular forms, Byron, and Bulwer, and Moore, and Fielding, proposes to revise Shakespeare and expurgate the Bible!! Men who, at home, allow Don Juan to lie within reach of every reader, will not allow a Minister of the gospel to expose the evil of such a literature! To read authors whose lines drop with the very gall of death; to vault in elegant dress as near the edge of indecency as is possible without treading over; to express the utmost possible impurity so dexterously, that not a vulgar word is used, but rosy, glowing, suggestive language—this, with many, is refinement. But to expose the prevalent vice; to meet its glittering literature with the plain and manly language of truth; to say nothing except what

one desires to say plainly—this, it seems, is vulgarity!

One of the first steps in any reformation must be, not alone nor first the correction of the grossness, but of the elegancies of impurity. Could our literature, and men's conversation, be put under such authority that neither should express, by insinuation, what dared not be said openly, in a little time, men would not dare to say at all what it would be indecent to speak plainly.

If there be here any disciples of Bulwer ready to disport in the very ocean of license, if its waters only seem translucent; who can read and relish all that fires the heart, and are only then distressed and shocked when a serious man raises the rod to correct and repress the evil; if there be here any who can drain his goblet of mingled wine, and only shudder at crystal-water; any who can see this modern prophet of villany strike the rock of corruption, to water his motley herd of revellers, but hate him who out of the Rock of Truth should bid gush the healthful stream;—I beseech them to bow their heads in this Christian assembly, and weep their tears of regret in secret places, until the evening service be done, and Bulwer can staunch their tears, and comfort again their wounded hearts.

Whenever an injunction is laid upon plain and

undeniable scripture-truth, and I am forbidden, upon pain of your displeasure, to preach it; then, I should not so much regard my personal feelings, as the affront which you put upon my master; and in my inmost soul I shall resent that affront. There is no esteem, there is no love, like that which is founded in the sanctity of religion. Between many of you and me, that sanctity exists. I stood by your side when you awoke in the dark valley of conviction, and owned yourselves lost. I have led you by the hand out of the darkness; by your side I have prayed, and my tears have mingled with yours. I have bathed you in the crystal-waters of a holy baptism; and when you sang the song of the ransomed captive, it filled my heart with a joy as great as that which uttered it. Love, beginning in such scenes, and drawn from so sacred a fountain, is not commercial, not fluctuating. Amid severe toils and not a few anxieties, it is the crown of rejoicing to a Pastor. What have we in this world but you? To be your servant in the gospel, we renounce all those paths by which other men seek preferment. Silver and gold is not in our houses, and our names are not heard where fame proclaims others. Rest we are forbidden until death; and girded with the whole armor, our lives are spent in the dust and smoke of continued battle. But even such love will

not tolerate bondage. We can be servants to love, but never slaves to caprice; still less can we heed the mandates of iniquity!

The proverbs of Solomon are designed to furnish us a series of maxims for every relation of life. There will naturally be the most said where there is the most needed. If the frequency of warning against any sin measures the liability of man to that sin, then none is worse than Impurity. In many separate passages is the solemn warning against the STRANGE WOMAN given with a force which must terrify all but the innocent or incorrigible; and with a delicacy which all will feel but those whose modesty is the fluttering of an impure imagination. I shall take such parts of all these passages as will make out a connected narrative.

When wisdom entereth into thy heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul, discretion shall preserve thee . . . to deliver thee from the strange woman, which flattereth with her tongue; her lips drop as a honey-comb, her mouth is smoother than oil. She sitteth at the door of her house on a seat in the high

places of the city, to call to passengers who go right on their ways: "Whoso is simple let him turn in hither." To him that wanteth understanding, she saith, "Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant;" but he knoweth not that the dead are there. Lust not after her beauty, neither let her take thee with her eyelids. She forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life, her ways are movable, that thou canst not know them. Remove thy way far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house, for her house inclineth unto death. She has cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death; none that go unto her, return again; neither take they hold of the paths of life. Let not thy heart decline to her ways, lest thou mourn at last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say: "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof. I was in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly."

I. Can language be found which can draw a corrupt beauty so vividly as this; *Which forsaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God.* Look out upon that fallen creature whose gay sally through the street calls out the significant

laugh of bad men, the pity of good men, and the horror of the pure. Was not her cradle as pure as ever a loved infant pressed? Love soothed its cries. Sisters watched its peaceful sleep, and a mother pressed it fondly to her bosom! Had you afterwards, when spring-flowers covered the earth, and every gale was odor, and every sound was music, seen her, fairer than the lily or the violet, searching them, would you not have said, "Sooner shall the rose grow poisonous than she; both may wither, but neither corrupt." And how often, at evening, did she clasp her tiny hands in prayer? How often did she put the wonder-raising questions to her mother, of God, and heaven, and the dead—as if she had seen heavenly things in a vision! As young womanhood advanced, and these foreshadowed graces ripened to the bud and burst into bloom, health glowed in her cheek, love looked from her eye, and purity was an atmosphere around her. Alas! *she forsook the guide of her youth.* Faint thoughts of evil, like a far-off cloud which the sunset gilds, came first; nor does the rosy sunset blush deeper along the heaven, than her cheek, at the first thought of evil. Now, ah! mother, and thou guiding elder sister, could you have seen the lurking spirit embosomed in that cloud, a holy prayer might have broken the spell, a tear have washed its stain!

Alas! they saw it not; she spoke it not; she was *forsaking the guide of her youth.* She thinketh no more of heaven. She breatheth no more prayers. She hath no more penitential tears to shed; until, after a long life, she drops the bitter tear upon the cheek of despair,—then her only suitor. Thou hast *forsaken the covenant of thy God.* Go down! fall never to rise! Hell opens to be thy home!

Oh Prince of torment! if thou hast transforming power, give some relief to this once innocent child, whom another has corrupted! Let thy deepest damnation seize him who brought her hither! let his coronation be upon the very mount of torment! and the rain of fiery hail be his salutation! He shall be crowned with thorns poisoned and anguish-bearing; and every woe beat upon him, and every wave of hell roll over the first risings of baffled hope. Thy guilty thoughts, and guilty deeds, shall flit after thee with bows which never break, and quivers forever emptying but never exhausted! If Satan hath one dart more poisoned than another; if God hath one bolt more transfixing and blasting than another; if there be one hideous spirit more unrelenting than others; they shall be *thine*, most execrable wretch! who led her to *forsake the guide of her youth, and to abandon the covenant of her God.*

II. The next injunction of God to the young is upon the ensnaring danger of Beauty. *Desire not her beauty in thy heart, neither let her take thee with her eyelids.* God did not make so much of nature with exquisite beauty, or put within us a taste for it, without object. He meant that it should delight us. He made every flower to charm us. He never made a color, nor graceful-flying bird, nor silvery insect, without meaning to please our taste. When He clothes a man or woman with beauty, He confers a favor, did we know how to receive it. Beauty, *with* amiable dispositions and ripe intelligence, is more to any woman than a queen's crown. The peasant's daughter, the rustic belle, if they have woman's sound discretion, may be rightfully prouder than kings' daughters; for *God* adorns those who are both good and beautiful; man can only conceal the want of beauty, by blazing jewels.

As moths and tiny insects flutter around the bright blaze which was kindled for no harm, so the foolish young, fall down burned and destroyed by the blaze of beauty. As the flame which burns to destroy the insect, is consuming itself and soon sinks into the socket, so beauty, too often, draws on itself that ruin which it inflicts upon others.

If God hath given thee beauty, tremble; for it is as gold in thy house—thieves and robbers will

prowl around and seek to possess it. If God hath put beauty before thine eyes, remember how many strong men have been cast down wounded by it. Art thou stronger than David? Art thou stronger than mighty patriarchs?—than kings and princes, who, by its fascinations, have lost peace and purity, and honor, and riches, and armies, and even kingdoms? Let other men's destruction be thy wisdom; for it is hard to reap prudence upon the field of experience.

III. In the minute description of this dangerous creature, mark next how seriously we are cautioned of her WILES.

Her wiles of dress. Coverings of tapestry and the *fine linen of Egypt* are hers; the perfumes of *myrrh and aloes and cinnamon.* Silks and ribbons, laces and rings, gold and equipage; ah! how mean a price for damnation. The wretch who would be hung simply for the sake of riding to the gallows on a golden chariot, clothed in king's raiment—what a fool were he! Yet how many consent to enter the chariot of Death,—drawn by the fiery steeds of lust which fiercely fly, and stop not for food or breath till they have accomplished their fatal journey—if they may spread their seat with flowery silks, o flaunt their forms with glowing apparel and precio jewels!

Her wiles of speech. Beasts may not speak; this honor is too high for them. To God's imaged-son this prerogative belongs, to utter thought and feeling in articulate sounds. We may breathe our thoughts to a thousand ears, and infect a multitude with the best portions of our soul. How, then, has this soul's breath, this echo of our thoughts, this only image of our feelings, been perverted, that from the lips of sin it hath more persuasion, than from the lips of wisdom! What horrid wizard hath put the world under a spell and charm, that words from the lips of a STRANGE WOMAN shall ring upon the ear like tones of music; while words from the divine lips of religion fall upon the startled ear like the funeral tones of the burial-bell! Philosophy seems crabbed; sin, fair. Purity sounds morose and cross; but from the lips of the harlot, words drop as honey, and flow smoother than oil; her speech is fair, her laugh is merry as music. The eternal glory of purity has no lustre, but the deep damnation of lust is made as bright as the gate of heaven!

Her wiles of LOVE. Love is the mind's light and heat; it is that tenuous air in which all the other faculties exist, as we exist in the atmosphere. A mind of the greatest stature without love, is like the huge pyramid of Egypt—chill and cheerless in all its dark halls and passages. A mind with love, is like a king's palace lighted for a royal festival.

Shame! that the sweetest of all the mind's attributes should be suborned to sin! that this daughter of God should become a Ganymede to arrogant lusts!—the cup-bearer to tyrants!—yet so it is. Devil-tempter! will thy poison never cease?—shall beauty be poisoned?—shall language be charmed?—shall *love* be made to defile like pitch, and burn as the living coals? Her tongue is like a bended bow, which sends the silvery shaft of flattering words. Her eyes shall cheat thee, her dress shall beguile thee, her beauty is a trap, her sighs are baits, her words are lures, her love is poisonous, her flattery is the spider's web spread for thee. Oh! trust not thy heart nor ear with Delilah! The locks of the mightiest Samson are soon shorn off, if he will but lay his slumbering head upon her lap. He who could slay heaps upon heaps of Philistines, and bear upon his huge shoulders the ponderous iron-gate, and pull down the vast temple, was yet too weak to contend with one wicked artful woman! Trust the sea with thy tiny boat, trust the fickle wind, trust the changing skies of April, trust the miser's generosity, the tyrant's mercy; but ah! simple man, trust not thyself near the *artful* woman, armed in her beauty, her cunning raiment, her dimpled smiles, her sighs of sorrow, her look of love, her voice of flattery;—for if thou hadst the strength

of ten Ulysses, unless God help thee, Calypso shall make thee fast, and hold thee in her island!

Next beware the wile of her *reasonings*. *To him that wanteth understanding she saith, stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant. I came forth to meet thee, and I have found thee.*

What says she in the credulous ear of inexperience? Why, she tells him that sin is safe; she swears to him that sin is pure; she protests to him that sin is innocent. Out of history she will entice him, and say: Who hath ever refused my meat-offerings and drink-offerings? What king have I not sought? What conqueror have I not conquered? Philosophers have not, in all their wisdom, learned to hate me. I have been the guest of the world's greatest men. The Egyptian priest, the Athenian sage, the Roman censor, the rude Gaul, have all worshipped in my temple. Art thou afraid to tread where Plato trod, and the pious Socrates? Art thou wiser than all that ever lived?

Nay, she readeth the Bible to him; she goeth back along the line of history, and readeth of Abraham, and of his glorious compeers; she skippeth past Joseph with averted looks, and readeth of David and of Solomon; and whatever chapter tells how good men stumbled, there she has turned down a leaf, and will persuade thee, with honeyed speech,

that the best deeds of good men were their sins, and that thou shouldst only imitate them in their stumbling and falls!

Or, if the Bible will not cheat thee, how will she plead thine own nature; how will she whisper, *God hath made thee so.* How, like her father, will she lure thee to pluck the apple, saying, *Thou shalt not surely die.* And she will hiss at virtuous men, and spit on modest women, and shake her serpent-tongue at any purity which shall keep thee from her ways. Oh! then, listen to what God says: *With much fair speech she causeth him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she forced him. He goeth after her as an ox goeth to slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strike through his liver, —as a bird hasteth to a snare and knoweth not that it is for his life.*

I will point only to another wile. When inexperience has been beguiled by her infernal machinations, how, like a flock of startled birds, will spring up late regrets, and shame, and fear; and worst of all, how will conscience ply her scorpion-whip and lash thee, uttering with stern visage, "thou art dishonored, thou art a wretch, thou art lost!" When the soul is full of such outcry, memory cannot sleep; she wakes, and while conscience still plies the scourge, will bring back to thy thoughts, youthful

purity, home, a mother's face, a sister's love, a father's counsel. Perhaps it is out of the high heaven that thy mother looks down to see thy baseness. Oh! if she has a mother's heart,—nay, but she cannot weep for thee there!

These wholesome pains, not to be felt if there were not yet health in the mind, would save the victim, could they have time to work. But how often have I seen the spider watch, from his dark round hole, the struggling fly, until he began to break his web; and then dart out to cast his long lithe arms about him, and fasten new cords stronger than ever. So, God saith, the strange woman shall secure *her* ensnared victims, if they struggle: *Lest thou shouldst ponder the path of life, her ways are movable that thou canst not know them.*

She is afraid to see thee soberly thinking of leaving her, and entering the path of life; therefore her ways are movable. She multiplies devices, she studies a thousand new wiles, she has some sweet word for every sense—obsequience for thy pride, praise for thy vanity, generosity for thy selfishness, religion for thy conscience, racy quips for thy wearisomeness, spicy scandal for thy curiosity. She is never still, nor the same; but evolving as many shapes as the rolling cloud, and as many colors as dress the wide prairie.

IV. Having disclosed her wiles, let me show you what God says of the chances of escape to those who once follow her: *None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life.* The strength of this language was not meant absolutely to exclude hope from those who, having wasted their substance in riotous living, would yet return; but to warn the unfallen, into what an *almost* hopeless gulf they plunge, if they venture. Some may escape—as here and there a mangled sailor crawls out of the water upon the beach,—the only one or two of the whole crew; the rest are gurgling in the wave with impotent struggles, or already sunk to the bottom. There are many evils which hold their victims by the force of *habit;* there are others which fasten them by breaking their return to society. Many a person never reforms, because reform would bring no relief. There are other evils which hold men to them, because they are like the beginning of a fire; they tend to burn with fiercer and wider flames, until all fuel is consumed, and go out only when there is nothing to burn. Of this last kind is the sin of licentiousness: and when the conflagration once breaks out, experience has shown, what the Bible long ago declared, that the chances of reformation are few indeed. The certainty of continuance is so great, that the chances of escape

are dropped from the calculation; and it is said roundly, NONE THAT GO UNTO HER RETURN AGAIN.

V. We are repeatedly warned against the strange woman's HOUSE.

There is no vice like licentiousness, to delude with the most fascinating proffers of delight, and fulfil the promise with the most loathsome experience. All vices at the beginning are silver-tongued, but none so impassioned as this. All vices in the end cheat their dupes, but none with such overwhelming disaster as licentiousness. I shall describe by an allegory, its specious seductions, its plausible promises, its apparent innocence, its delusive safety, its deceptive joys,—their change, their sting, their flight, their misery, and the victim's ruin.

Her HOUSE has been cunningly planned by an EVIL ARCHITECT to attract and please the attention. It stands in a vast garden full of enchanting objects. It shines in glowing colors, and seems full of peace and full of pleasure. All the signs are of unbounded enjoyment—safe, if not innocent. Though every beam is rotten, and the house is the house of death, and in it are all the vicissitudes of infernal misery; yet to the young it appears a palace of delight. They will not believe that death can lurk behind so brilliant a fabric. Those who are within, look out

and pine to return; and those who are without, look in and pine to enter. Such is the mastery of deluding sin.

That part of the garden which borders on the highway of innocence is carefully planted. There is not a poison-weed, nor thorn, nor thistle there. Ten thousand flowers bloom, and waft a thousand odors. A victim cautiously inspects it; but it has been too carefully patterned upon innocency to be easily detected. This outer garden *is* innocent;—innocence is the lure to wile you from the path into her grounds;—innocence is the bait of that trap by which she has secured all her victims. At the gate stands a comely porter, saying blandly: *Whoso is simple let him turn in hither.* Will the youth enter? Will he seek her house? To himself he says, "I will enter only to see the garden,—its fruits, its flowers, its birds, its arbors, its warbling fountains!" He is resolved in virtue. He seeks wisdom, not pleasure!—Dupe! you are deceived already; and this is your first lesson of wisdom. He passes, and the porter leers behind him! He is within an Enchanter's garden! Can he not now return, if he wishes?—he will not wish to return, until it is too late. He ranges the outer garden near to the highway, thinking as he walks: "How foolishly have I been alarmed at pious lies about this beautiful

place! I heard it was Hell: I find it is Paradise!"

Emboldened by the innocency of his first steps, he explores the garden further from the road. The flowers grow richer; their odors exhilarate; the very fruit breathes perfume like flowers; and birds seem intoxicated with delight among the fragrant shrubs and loaded trees. Soft and silvery music steals along the air. "Are angels singing?—Oh! fool that I was, to fear this place; it is all the heaven I need! Ridiculous priest, to tell me that death was here, where all is beauty, fragrance, and melody! Surely, death never lurked in so gorgeous apparel as this! Death is grim, and hideous!" He has come near to the strange woman's HOUSE. If it was beautiful from afar, it is celestial now; for his eyes are bewitched with magic. When our passions enchant us, how beautiful is the way to death! In every window are sights of pleasure; from every opening, issue sounds of joy—the lute, the harp, bounding feet, and echoing laughter. Nymphs have descried this Pilgrim of temptation;—they smile and beckon. Where are his resolutions now? This is the virtuous youth who came to *observe!* He has already seen too much! but he will see more; he will taste, feel, regret, weep, wail, die! The most beautiful nymph that eye ever rested on,

approaches with decent guise and modest gestures, to give him hospitable welcome. For a moment he recalls his home, his mother, his sister-circle; but they seem far-away, dim, powerless! Into his ear the beautiful herald pours the sweetest sounds of love: "You are welcome here, and worthy! You have early wisdom, to break the bounds of superstition, and to seek these grounds where summer never ceases, and sorrow never comes! Hail! and welcome to the House of pleasure!" There seemed to be a response to these words; the house, the trees, and the very air, seemed to echo, "Hail! and welcome!" In the stillness which followed, had the victim been less intoxicated, he might have heard a clear and solemn voice which seemed to fall straight down from heaven: COME NOT NIGH THE DOOR OF HER HOUSE. HER HOUSE IS THE WAY TO HELL, GOING DOWN TO THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH!

It is too late! He has gone in,—who shall never return. *He goeth after her straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter; or as a fool to the correction of the stocks . . . and knoweth not that it is for his life.*

Enter with me, in imagination, the strange woman's HOUSE—where, God grant you may never enter in any other way. There are five wards—Pleasure, Satiety, Discovery, Disease, and Death.

Ward of Pleasure.—The eye is dazzled with the magnificence of its apparel,—elastic velvet, glossy silks, burnished satin, crimson drapery, plushy carpets. Exquisite pictures glow upon the walls, carved marble adorns every niche. The inmates are deceived by these lying shows; they dance, they sing; with beaming eyes they utter softest strains of flattery and graceful compliment. They partake the amorous wine, and the repast which loads the table. They eat, they drink, they are blithe and merry. Surely, they should be; for after this brief hour, they shall never know purity nor joy again! For this moment's revelry, they are selling heaven! The strange woman walks among her guests in all her charms; fans the flame of joy, scatters grateful odors, and urges on the fatal revelry. As her poisoned wine is quaffed, and the gay creatures begin to reel, the torches wane and cast but a twilight. One by one, the guests grow somnolent; and, at length, they all repose. Their cup is exhausted, their pleasure is forever over, life has exhaled to an essence, and that is consumed! While they sleep, servitors, practised to the work, remove them all to another Ward.

Ward of Satiety.—Here reigns a bewildering twilight through which can hardly be discerned the wearied inmates, yet sluggish upon their couches

Overflushed with dance, sated with wine and fruit, a fitful drowsiness vexes them. They wake, to crave; they taste, to loathe; they sleep, to dream; they wake again from unquiet visions. They long for the sharp taste of pleasure, so grateful yesterday. Again they sink, repining to sleep; by starts, they rouse at an ominous dream; by starts, they hear strange cries! The fruit burns and torments; the wine shoots sharp pains through their pulse. Strange wonder fills them. They remember the recent joy, as a reveller in the morning thinks of his midnight-madness. The glowing garden and the banquet now seem all stripped and gloomy. They meditate return; pensively they long for their native spot! At sleepless moments, mighty resolutions form,—substantial as a dream. Memory grows dark. Hope will not shine. The past is not pleasant; the present is wearisome; and the future gloomy.

The Ward of Discovery.—In the third ward no deception remains. The floors are bare; the naked walls drip filth; the air is poisonous with sickly fumes, and echoes with mirth concealing hideous misery. None supposes that he has been happy. The past seems like the dream of the miser, who gathers gold spilled like rain upon the road, and wakes, clutching his bed, and crying "where is it?" On your right hand, as you enter, close by the door

is a group of fierce felons in deep drink with drugged liquor. With red and swoln faces, or white and thin; or scarred with ghastly corruption; with scowling brows, baleful eyes, bloated lips and demoniac grins;—in person all uncleanly, in morals all debauched, in peace, bankrupt—the desperate wretches wrangle one with the other, swearing bitter oaths, and heaping reproaches each upon each! Around the room you see miserable creatures unapparelled, or dressed in rags, sobbing and moaning. That one who gazes out at the window, calling for her mother and weeping, was right tenderly and purely bred. She has been baptized twice,—once to God, and once to the Devil. She sought this place in the very vestments of God's house. "Call not on thy mother! she is a saint in Heaven, and cannot hear thee!" Yet, all night long she dreams of home, and childhood, and wakes to sigh and weep: and between her sobs, she cries "mother! mother!"

Yonder is a youth, once a servant at God's altar. His hair hangs tangled and torn; his eyes are bloodshot; his face is livid; his fist is clenched. All the day, he wanders up and down, cursing sometimes himself, and sometimes the wretch that brought him hither; and when he sleeps, he dreams of Hell; and then he wakes to feel all he dreamed. This is the Ward of reality. All know why the first rooms

looked so gay—they were enchanted! It was enchanted wine they drank; and enchanted fruit they ate: now they know the pain of fatal food in every limb!

Ward of Disease.—Ye that look wistfully at the pleasant front of this terrific house, come with me now, and look long into the terror of this Ward; for here are the seeds of sin in their full harvest form! We are in a lazar-room; its air oppresses every sense; its sights confound our thoughts; its sounds pierce our ear; its stench repels us; it is full of diseases. Here a shuddering wretch is clawing at his breast, to tear away that worm which gnaws his heart. By him is another, whose limbs are dropping from his ghastly trunk. Next, swelters another in reeking filth; his eyes rolling in bony sockets, every breath a pang, and every pang a groan. But yonder, on a pile of rags, lies one whose yells of frantic agony appall every ear. Clutching his rags with spasmodic grasp, his swoln tongue lolling from a blackened mouth, his bloodshot eyes glaring and rolling, he shrieks oaths; now blaspheming God, and now imploring him. He hoots and shouts, and shakes his grisly head from side to side, cursing or praying; now calling death, and then, as if driving away fiends, yelling, avaunt! avaunt!

Another has been ridden by pain, until he can no

longer shriek; but lies foaming and grinding his teeth, and clenches his bony hands, until the nails pierce the palm—though there is no blood there to issue out—trembling all the time with the shudders and chills of utter agony. The happiest wretch in all this Ward, is an Idiot;—dropsical, distorted, and moping; all day he wags his head, and chatters, and laughs, and bites his nails; then he will sit for hours motionless, with open jaw, and glassy eye fixed on vacancy. In this ward are huddled all the diseases of PLEASURE. This is the torture-room of the strange woman's House, and it excels the Inquisition. The wheel, the rack; the bed of knives, the roasting fire, the brazen room slowly heated, the slivers driven under the nails, the hot pincers,—what are these to the agonies of the last days of licentious vice? Hundreds of rotting wretches would change their couch of torment in the strange woman's House, for the gloomiest terror of the Inquisition, and profit by the change. *Nature* herself becomes the tormentor. Nature, long trespassed on and abused, at length casts down the wretch; searches every vein, makes a road of every nerve for the scorching feet of pain to travel on, pulls at every muscle, breaks in the breast, builds fires in the brain, eats out the skin, and casts living coals of torment on the heart. What are hot pincers to the enven-

ome' claws of *disease?* What is it to be put into a pit of snakes and slimy toads, and feel their cold coil or piercing fang, to the creeping of a whole body of vipers?—where every nerve is a viper, and every vein a viper, and every muscle a serpent; and the whole body, in all its parts, coils and twists upon itself in unimaginable anguish? I tell you, there is no Inquisition so bad as that which the Doctor looks upon! Young man? I can show you in this Ward worse pangs than ever a savage produced at the stake!—than ever a tyrant wrung out by engines of torment!—than ever an inquisitor devised! Every year, in every town, die wretches scalded and scorched with agony. Were the sum of all the pain that comes with the last stages of vice collected, it would rend the very heavens with its outcry; would shake the earth; would even blanch the cheek of Infatuation! Ye that are listening in the garden of this strange woman, among her cheating flowers; ye that are dancing in her halls in the first Ward, come hither; look upon her fourth Ward—its vomited blood, its sores and fiery blotches, its prurient sweat, its dissolving ichor, and rotten bones! Stop, young man! You turn your head from this ghastly room; and yet, stop!—and stop soon, or thou shalt lie here! mark the solemn signals of thy passage! Thou hast had already enough

of warnings in thy cheek, in thy bosom, in thy pangs of premonition!

But ah! every one of you who are dancing with the covered paces of death, in the strange woman's first hall, let me break your spell; for now I shall open the doors of the last Ward. Look!—Listen!—Witness your own end, unless you take quickly a warning!

Ward of Death.—No longer does the incarnate wretch pretend to conceal her cruelty. She thrusts —aye! as if they were dirt—she shovels out the wretches. Some fall headlong through the rotten floor,—a long fall to a fiery bottom. The floor trembles to deep thunders which roll below. Here and there, jets of flame sprout up, and give a lurid light to the murky hall. Some would fain escape; and flying across the treacherous floor, which man never safely passed, they go, through pitfalls and treacherous traps, with hideous outcries and astounding yells, to perdition! Fiends laugh! The infernal laugh, the cry of agony, the thunder of damnation, shake the very roof and echo from wall to wall.

Oh! that the young might see the *end* of vice before they see the beginning! I know that you shrink from this picture; but your safety requires that you should look long into the Ward of Death,

that fear may supply strength to your virtue. See the blood oozing from the wall, the fiery hands which pluck the wretches down, the light of hell gleaming through, and hear its roar as of a distant ocean chafed with storms. Will you sprinkle the wall with your blood?—will you feed those flames with your flesh?—will you add your voice to those thundering wails?—will you go down a prey through the fiery floor of the chamber of death? Believe then the word of God: *Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death, . . . avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away!*

I have described the strange woman's House in strong language, and it needed it. If your taste shrinks from the description, so does mine. Hell, and all the ways of hell, when we pierce the cheating disguises and see the truth, are terrible and trying to behold; and if men would not walk there, neither would we pursue their steps, to sound the alarm, and gather back whom we can.

Allow me to close by directing your attention to a few points of especial danger.

I. I solemnly warn you against indulging a *morbid imagination.* In that busy and mischievous faculty begins the evil. Were it not for his airy imaginations, man might stand his own master—not overmatched by the worst part of himself. But ah!

these summer-reveries, these venturesome dreams, these fairy castles, builded for no good purposes,—they are haunted by impure spirits, who will fascinate, bewitch, and corrupt you. *Blessed are the pure in heart.* Blessed art thou, most favored of God, whose THOUGHTS *are chastened;* whose imagination will not breathe or fly in tainted air; and whose path hath been measured by the golden reed of Purity.

May I not paint PURITY, as a saintly virgin, in spotless white, walking with open face, in an air so clear that no vapor can stain it?

> "Upon her lightning-brow love proudly sitting,
> Flames out in power, shines out in majesty."

Her steps are a queen's steps; God is her father, and thou her brother, if thou wilt make her thine! Let thy heart be her dwelling; wear upon thy hand her ring, and on thy breast her talisman.

II. Next to evil imaginations, I warn the young of evil companions. Decaying fruit corrupts the neighboring fruit. You cannot make your head a metropolis of base stories, the ear and tongue a highway of immodest words, and yet be pure. Another, as well as yourself, may throw a spark on the magazine of your passions—beware how your companions do it! No man is your friend who will

corrupt you. An impure man is every good man's enemy—your deadly foe; and all the worse, if he hide his poisoned dagger under the cloak of good fellowship. Therefore, select your associates, assort them, winnow them, keep the grain, and let the wind sweep away the chaff.

III. But I warn you, with yet more solemn emphasis, against EVIL BOOKS and EVIL PICTURES. There is in every town an under-current which glides beneath our feet unsuspected by the pure; out of which, notwithstanding, our sons scoop many a goblet. Books are hidden in trunks, concealed in dark holes; pictures are stored in sly portfolios, or trafficked from hand to hand; and the handiwork of depraved art is seen in other forms which ought to make a harlot blush.

I should think a man would loathe himself, and wake up from owning such things as from a horrible nightmare. Those who circulate them are incendiaries of morality; those who make them, equal the worst public criminals. A pure heart would shrink from these abominable things as from death. France, where religion long ago went out smothered in licentiousness, has flooded the world with a species of literature redolent of depravity. Upon the plea of exhibiting nature and man, novels are now scooped out of the very lava of corrupt passions.

They are true to nature, but to nature as it exists in knaves and courtesans. Under a plea of humanity, we have shown up to us, troops of harlots, to prove that they are not so bad as purists think; gangs of desperadoes, to show that there is nothing in crime inconsistent with the noblest feelings. We have in French and English novels of the infernal school, humane murderers, lascivious saints, holy infidels, honest robbers. These artists never seem lost, except when straining after a conception of religion. Their devotion is such as might be expected from thieves, in the purlieus of thrice-deformed vice. Exhausted libertines are our professors of morality. They scrape the very sediment and muck of society to mould their creatures; and their volumes are monster-galleries, in which the inhabitants of old Sodom would have felt at home as connoisseurs and critics. Over loathsome women, and unutterably vile men, huddled together in motley groups, and over all their monstrous deeds, their lies, their plots, their crimes, their dreadful pleasures, their glorying conversation, is thrown the checkered light of a hot imagination, until they glow with an infernal lustre. Novels of the French school, and of English imitators, are the common-sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions, of the worst creatures, of the

worst cities. Such novels come to us impudently pretending to be reformers of morals and liberalizers of religion; they propose to instruct our laws, and teach a discreet humanity to justice! The Ten Plagues have visited our literature; water is turned to blood; frogs and lice creep and hop over our most familiar things,—the couch, the cradle, and the bread-trough; locusts, murrain, and fire, are smiting every green thing. I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open these foreign seals, and let out their plagues upon us—that any Satanic Pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the dead sea of her abomination, a baptism for our sons. It were a mercy to this, to import serpents from Africa and pour them out on our prairies; lions from Asia, and free them in our forests; lizards and scorpions and black tarantulas, from the Indies, and put them in our gardens. Men could slay these, but those offspring-reptiles of the French mind, who can kill these? You might as well draw sword on a plague, or charge a malaria with the bayonet. This black-lettered literature circulates in this town, floats in our stores, nestles in the shops, is fingered and read nightly, and hatches in the young mind broods of salacious thoughts. While the parent strives to infuse Christian purity into his child's heart, he is anticipated

by most accursed messengers of evil; and the heart hisses already like a nest of young and nimble vipers.

IV. Once more, let me persuade you that no examples in high places, can justify imitation in low places. Your purity is too precious to be bartered, because an official knave tempts by his example. I would that every eminent place of state were a sphere of light, from which should be flung down on your path a cheering glow to guide you on to virtue. But if these wandering stars, reserved I do believe for final blackness of darkness, wheel their malign spheres in the orbits of corruption,—go not after them. God is greater than wicked great men; heaven is higher than the highest places of nations; and if God and heaven are not brighter to your eyes than great men in high places, then you must take part in their doom, when, ere long, God shall dash them to pieces!

V. Let me beseech you, lastly, to guard your heart-purity. Never lose it; if it be gone, you have lost from the casket the most precious gift of God. The first purity of imagination, of thought, and of feeling, if soiled, can be cleansed by no fuller's soap; if lost, cannot be found, though sought carefully with tears. If a harp be broken, art may repair it; if a light be quenched, the flame may enkindle it;

but if a flower be crushed, what art can repair it?—if an odor be wafted away, who can collect or bring it back?

The heart of youth is a wide prairie. Over it hang the clouds of heaven to water it, the sun throws its broad sheets of light upon it, to wake its life; out of its bosom spring, the long season through, flowers of a hundred names and hues, twining together their lovely forms, wafting to each other a grateful odor, and nodding each to each in the summer-breeze. Oh! such would man be, did he hold that purity of heart which God gave him! But you have a DEPRAVED HEART. It is a vast continent; on it are mountain-ranges of powers, and dark deep streams, and pools, and morasses. If once the full and terrible clouds of temptation do settle thick and fixedly upon you, and begin to cast down their dreadful stores, may God save whom man can never! Then the heart shall feel tides and streams of irresistible power, mocking its control, and hurrying fiercely down from steep to steep, with growing desolation. Your only resource is to avoid the uprising of your giant-passions.

We are drawing near to a festival day,* by the usage of ages, consecrated to celebrate the birth of Christ. At his advent, God hung out a prophet-star

* This Lecture was delivered upon Christmas eve.

in the heaven; guided by it, the wise men journeyed from the east and worshipped at his feet. Oh! let the star of Purity hang out to thine eye, brighter than the orient orb to the Magi; let it lead thee, not to the Babe, but to His feet who now stands in Heaven, a Prince and Saviour! If thou hast sinned, one look, one touch, shall cleanse thee whilst thou art worshipping, and thou shalt rise up healed.

NOTE.—The exceptions taken to the current reformation-novels of Godwin, Bulwer, Dickens, (perhaps,) Eugene Sue, and a host of others, require a word of explanation. 1. We do not object to any reasonable effort at reformation, moral, social, civil, or economical—much is needed. So far, the design of this school of romancers is praiseworthy. 2. But we doubt the propriety of employing fictions as an instrument; especially fictions wrought to produce a stage-effect, a violent thrill, rather than a conviction. These works affect the *feelings* more than the *opinions*. 3. Nine tenths of novel-readers are the young, the unreflecting, or those whose hearts have been macadamised by the incessant tramping of ten times ten thousand heroes and heroines, marching across their feelings. Efforts at reformation should be directed to other readers than these. 4. But the worst is yet to be told. Under the pretence of social reformations, the most flagitious vices are inculcated. There can be no doubt of it. An analysis of the best characters would give pride, lawlessness, passion, revenge, lusts, hypocrisies; in short, a catalogue of vices. Eugene Sue seeks to raise the *operatives*, to show the ruinous partiality of law, the hideous evils of prisons, &c., &c. The design appears well. What part of this design are the constant and deliberate *lies* of Rodolphe, the hero? This wandering prince coolly justifies himself in putting out a man's eyes, because the law would slay him if delivered up!—provides means for decoying convicts from prison!—sets on foot atrocious deceptions, to crush deceptions! This is the best character in the far-famed Mysteries of Paris. Unquestionably the purest woman is Goualeuse, redeemed from prostitution! Madame Lucenay lives in unblushing adultery with Saint Remy, who proves to be a forger! We are edified by a scene of noble indignation and virtue, in which this woman, who has violated the most sacred instincts, and all the sanctities of the family, teaches Remy his degradation for violating civil laws! Admirable reform! An unblushing adulteress preaches so well to her paramour forger! The diabolical voluptuousness of Cecily—the assignations of the *pure* Madame D'Harville—the astonishing reformations produced in a single hour, in which harlots turn vestals, murderers philanthropists, poachers and marauders more honest than honest men—these are but specimens of the instruments by which this new and popular reform is changing our morals, and Christianizing us! What then shall be said of the works of George Sands, Masson, Dumas, M. de Balsac and others like them, by whose side Eugene Sue is an angel of purity? A bookseller in a large city on the Ohio river, on being asked, of what work he sold the most, replied—"*of Paul de Kock!*"—the literary prince of nastiness.

LECTURE VII.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these *things* God will bring thee into judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

I AM to venture the delicate task of reprehension, always unwelcome, but peculiarly offensive upon topics of public popular amusement. I am anxious, in the beginning, to put myself right with the young. If I satisfy myself, Christian men, and the sober community, and do not satisfy *them*, my success will be like a physician's, whose prescriptions please himself, and the relations, and do good to everybody except the *patient*,—he dies.

Allow me, first of all, to satisfy you that I am not meddling with matters which do not concern me. This is the impression which the patrons and partners of criminal amusements study to make upon your minds. They represent our duty to be *in the church*,—taking care of doctrines, and of our own members. When more than this is attempted; when

we speak a word for *you* who are not church-members, we are met with the surly answer, "Why do you meddle with things which don't concern you? If you do not enjoy these pleasures, why do you molest those who do? May not men do as they please in a free country, without being hung up in a gibbet of public remark?" It is conveniently forgotten, I suppose, that in a free country we have the same right to criticise pleasure, which others have to enjoy it. Indeed, you and I both know, young gentlemen, that in coffee-house circles, and in convivial feasts nocturnal, the Church is regarded as little better than a spectacled old beldam, whose impertinent eyes are spying everybody's business but her own; and who, too old or too homely to be tempted herself, with compulsory virtue, pouts at the joyous dalliances of the young and gay. Religion is called a nun, sable with gloomy vestments; and the Church a cloister, where ignorance is deemed innocence, and which sends out querulous reprehensions of a world, which it knows nothing about, and has professedly abandoned. This is pretty; and is only defective, in not being true. The Church is not a cloister, nor her members recluses, nor are our censures of vice intermeddling. Not to dwell in generalities, let us take a plain and common case:

A strolling company offer to educate our youth; and to show the community the road of morality, which, probably they have not seen themselves for twenty years. We cannot help laughing at a generosity so much above one's means: and when they proceed to hew and hack each other with rusty iron, to teach our boys valor; and dress up practical mountebanks, to teach theoretical virtue; if we laugh somewhat more, they turn upon us testily: *Do you mind your own business, and leave us with ours. We do not interfere with your preaching, do you let alone our acting.*

But softly—may not religious people amuse themselves with very diverting men? I hope it is not bigotry to have eyes and ears: I hope it is not fanaticism, in the use of these excellent senses, for us to judge that throwing one's heels higher than their head a-dancing, is not exactly the way to teach virtue to our daughters; and that women, whose genial warmth of temperament has led them into a generosity something too great, are not the persons to teach virtue, at any rate. Oh! no; we are told, Christians must not know that all this is very singular. Christians ought to think that men who are kings and dukes and philosophers on the stage, are virtuous men, even if they gamble at night, and are drunk all day; and if men are so used to comedy,

that their life becomes a perpetual farce on morality, we have no right to laugh at this extra professional acting!

Are *we* meddlers, who only seek the good of our own families, and of our own community where we live and expect to die? or *they*, who wander up and down without ties of social connection, and without aim, except of money to be gathered off from men's vices?

I am anxious to put all religious men in their right position before you; and in this controversy between them and the gay world, to show you the facts upon both sides. A floating population, in pairs or companies, without leave asked, blow the trumpet for all our youth to flock to their banners! Are they related to them?—are they concerned in the welfare of our town?—do they live among us?—do they bear any part of our burdens?—do they care for our substantial citizens? We grade our streets, build our schools, support all our municipal laws, and the young men are *ours;* our sons, our brothers, our wards, clerks, or apprentices; they are living in our houses, our stores, our shops, and we are their guardians, and take care of them in health, and watch them in sickness; yet every vagabond who floats in hither, swears and swaggers, as if they were all his: and when they offer to cor-

rupt all these youth, we paying them round sums of money for it, and we get courage finally to say that we had rather not; that industry and honesty are better than expert knavery—they turn upon us in great indignation with, *Why don't you mind your own business—what are you meddling with our affairs for?*

I will suppose a case. With much pains-taking, I have saved enough money to buy a little garden-spot. I put all around it a good fence—I put the spade into it and mellow the soil full deep; I go to the nursery and pick out choice fruit trees—I send abroad and select the best seeds of the rarest vegetables; and so my garden thrives. I know every inch of it, for I have watered every inch with sweat. One morning I am awakened by a mixed sound of sawing, digging, and delving; and looking out, I see a dozen men at work in my garden. I run down and find one man sawing out a huge hole in the fence. "My dear sir, what are you doing?" "Oh, this high fence is very troublesome to climb over; I am fixing an easier way for folks to get in." Another man has headed down several choice trees, and is putting in new grafts. "Sir, what are you changing the kind for?" "Oh, this kind don't suit me; I like a new kind." One man is digging up my beans, to plant cockles; another is rooting up my

strawberries, to put in pursley; and another is destroying my currants, and gooseberries, and raspberries, to plant mustard and Jamestown weed. At last, I lose all patience, and cry out, "Well, gentlemen, this will never do. I will never tolerate this abominable imposition; you are ruining my garden." One of them says, "You old hypocritical bigot! do mind your business, and let us enjoy ourselves. Take care of your house, and do not pry into our pleasures."

Fellow-citizens! I own that no man could so invade your *garden;* but men are allowed thus to invade our town, and destroy our children. You will let them evade your laws, to fleece and demoralize you; and you sit down under their railing, as though *you* were the intruders!—just as if the man, who drives a thief out of his house, ought to ask the rascal's pardon for interfering with his little plans of pleasure and profit!

Every parent has a right—every citizen and every minister has the same right, to expose traps, which men have to set them; the same right to prevent mischief, which men have to plot it; the same right to attack vice, which vice has to attack virtue; a better right to save our sons and brothers, and companions, than artful men have to destroy them.

The *necessity* of amusement, is admitted on all hands. There is an appetite of the eye, of the ear, and of every sense, for which God has provided the material. Gaiety of every degree, this side of puerile levity, is wholesome to the body, to the mind, and to the morals. Nature is a vast repository of manly enjoyments. The magnitude of God's works is not less admirable than its exhilarating beauty. The rudest forms have something of beauty; the ruggedest strength is graced with some charm; the very pins, and rivets, and clasps of nature, are attractive by qualities of beauty more than is necessary for mere utility. The sun could go down without gorgeous clouds; evening could advance without its evanescent brilliance; trees might have flourished without symmetry; flowers have existed without odor, and fruit without flavor. When I have journeyed through forests, where ten thousand shrubs and vines exist without apparent use; through prairies, whose undulations exhibit sheets of flowers innumerable, and absolutely dazzling the eye with their prodigality of beauty—beauty, not a tithe of which is ever seen by man—I have said, it is plain that God is himself passionately fond of beauty, and the *earth* is his garden, as an *acre* is man's. God has made us like Himself, to be pleased by the universal beauty of the world. He has made

provision in nature, in society, and in the family, for amusement and exhilaration enough to fill the heart with the perpetual sunshine of delight.

Upon this broad earth, purfled with flowers, scented with odors, brilliant in colors, vocal with echoing and re-echoing melody, I take my stand against all demoralizing pleasure. Is it not enough that our Father's house is so full of dear delights, that we must wander prodigal to the swine-herd for husks, and to the slough for drink?—when the trees of God's heritage bend over our head, and solicit our hand to pluck the golden fruitage, must we still go in search of the apples of Sodom—outside fair, and inside ashes?

Men shall crowd to the Circus to hear clowns, and see rare feats of horsemanship; but a bird may poise beneath the very sun, or flying downward, swoop from the high heaven; then flit with graceful ease hither and thither, pouring liquid song as if it were a perennial fountain of sound—no man cares for that.

Upon the stage of life, the vastest tragedies are performing in every act; nations pitching headlong to their final catastrophe; others, raising their youthful forms to begin the drama of their existence. The world of society is as full of exciting interest, as nature is full of beauty. The great dramatic

throng of life is hustling along—the wise, the fool, the clown, the miser, the bereaved, the broken-hearted. Life mingles before us smiles and tears, sighs and laughter, joy and gloom, as the spring mingles the winter-storm and summer-sunshine. To this vast Theatre which God hath builded, where stranger plays are seen than ever author writ, man seldom cares to come. When God dramatizes, when nations act, or all the human kind conspire to educe the vast catastrophe, men sleep and snore, and let the busy scene go on, unlooked, unthought upon; and turn from all its varied magnificence to hunt out some candle-lighted hole and gaze at drunken ranters, or cry at the piteous virtue of harlots in distress. It is my object then, not to withdraw the young from pleasure, but from unworthy pleasures· not to lessen their enjoyments, but to increase them by rejecting the counterfeit and the vile.

Of gambling, I have already sufficiently spoken Of cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and pugilistic contests, I need to speak but little. These are the desperate excitements of debauched men; but no man becomes desperately criminal, until he has been genteelly criminal. No one spreads his sail upon such waters, *at first;* these brutal amusements are but the gulf into which flow all the streams of criminal pleasures; and they who embark upon the *river*,

are sailing toward the gulf. Wretches who have waded all the depths of iniquity, and burned every passion to the socket, find in rage and blows and blood, the only stimulus of which they are susceptible. You are training yourselves to be just such wretches, if you are exhausting your passions in illicit indulgences.

As it is impossible to analyze, separately, each vicious amusement proffered to the young, I am compelled to select two, each the representative of a clan. Thus, the reasonings applied to the amusement of Racing, apply equally well to all violent amusements which congregate indolent and dissipated men, by ministering intense excitement. The reasonings applied to the Theatre, with some modifications, apply to the Circus, to promiscuous balls, to night-revelling, bacchanalian feasts, and to other similar indulgences.

Many, who are not in danger, may incline to turn from these pages; they live in rural districts, in villages, or towns, and are out of the reach of jockeys, and actors, and gamblers. This is the very reason why you should read. We are such a migratory, restless people, that our home is usually everywhere but at home; and almost every young man makes annual, or biennial visits to famous cities; conveying produce to market, or purchasing

wares and goods. It is at such times that the young are in extreme danger; for they are particularly anxious, at such times, to appear at their full age. A young man is ashamed, in a great hotel, to seem raw and not to know the mysteries of the bar and of the town. They put on a very remarkable air, which is meant for *ease;* they affect profusion of expense; they think it meet for a gentleman to know all that certain other city-gentlemen seem proud of knowing. As sober citizens are not found lounging at Hotels; and the gentlemanly part of the travelling community are usually retiring, modest, and unnoticeable,—the young are left to come in contact chiefly with a very flash class of men who swarm about city-Restaurateurs and Hotels,—swoln clerks, crack sportsmen, epicures, and rich, green youth, seasoning. These are the most numerous class which engage the attention of the young. They bustle in the sitting room, or crowd the bar, assume the chief seats at the table, and play the petty lord in a manner so brilliant, as altogether to dazzle our poor country boy, who mourns at his deficient education, at the poverty of his rural oaths, and the meagerness of those illicit pleasures, which he formerly nibbled at with mouselike stealth; and he sighs for these riper accomplishments. Besides, it is well known, that large commercial establishments

have, residing at such hotels, well appointed clerks to draw customers to their counter. It is their business to make your acquaintance, to fish out the probable condition of your funds, to sweeten your temper with delicate tit-bits of pleasure; to take you to the Theatre, and a little *further on*, if need be; to draw you in to a generous supper, and initiate you to the *high life* of men whose whole life is only the varied phases of lust, gastronomical or amorous.

Besides these, there lurk in such places lynx-eyed procurers; men who have an interest in your appetites; who look upon a young man, with some money, just as a butcher looks upon a bullock—a thing of so many pounds avoirdupois, of so much beef, so much tallow, and a hide. If you have nothing, they will have nothing to do with you; if you have means, they undertake to supply you with the disposition to use them. They know the city, they know its haunts, they know its secret doors, its blind passages, its spicy pleasures, its racy vices, clear down to the mud-slime of the very bottom.

Meanwhile, the accustomed restraint of home cast off, the youth feels that he is unknown, and may do what he chooses, unexposed. There is, moreover, an intense curiosity to *see* many things of which he has long ago *heard* and *wondered;* and it is the very art and education of vice, to make itself

attractive. It comes with garlands of roses about its brow, with nectar in its goblet, and love upon its tongue.

If you have, beforehand, no settled opinions as to what is right and what is wrong; if your judgment is now, for the first time, to be formed upon the propriety of your actions; if you are not controlled by settled *principles*, there is scarcely a chance for your purity.

For this purpose, then, I desire to discuss these things, that you may settle your opinions and principles before temptation assails you. As a ship is built upon the dry shore, which afterwards is to dare the storm and brave the sea, so would I build you staunch and strong, ere you be launched abroad upon life.

I. RACING. This amusement justifies its existence by the plea of UTILITY. We will examine it upon its own ground. Who are the patrons of the Turf?—farmers?—laborers?—men who are practically the most interested in the improvement of stock? The unerring instinct of self-interest would lead these men to patronize the Course, if its utility were real. It is notorious that these are not the patrons of racing. It is sustained by two classes of men—gambling jockeys and jaded rich men. In England, and in our own country, where the turf-

sports are freshest, they owe their existence entirely to the extraordinary excitement which they afford to dissipation, or to cloyed appetites. For those industrial purposes for which the horse is chiefly valuable, for roadsters, hacks, and cart-horses, what do the patrons of the turf care? Their whole anxiety is centred upon winning cups and stakes; and that is incomparably the best blood which will run the longest space in the shortest time. The points required for this are *not*, and never will be, the points for substantial service. And it is notorious, that racing in England deteriorated the stock in such important respects, that the light-cavalry and dragoon-service suffered severely, until dependence upon turf stables was abandoned. New England, where racing is unknown, is to this day the place where the horse exists in the finest qualities; and for all economical purposes, Virginia and Kentucky must yield to New England. Except for the sole purpose of racing, an eastern horse brings a higher price than any other.

The other class of patrons who sustain a Course are mere gambling jockeys. As crows to a cornfield, or vultures to their prey; as flies to summer-sweet, so to the annual races, flow the whole tribe of gamesters and pleasure-lovers. It is the Jerusalem of wicked men; and thither the tribes go up,

like Israel of old, but for a far different sacrifice. No form of social abomination is unknown or unpractised; and if all the good that is claimed, and a hundred times more, were done to horses, it would be a dear bargain. To ruin men for the sake of improving horses; to sacrifice conscience and purity for the sake of good bones and muscles in a beast; this is paying a little too much for good brutes. Indeed, the shameless immorality, the perpetual and growing dishonesty, the almost immeasurable secret villany of gentlemen of the turf, has alarmed and disgusted many stalwart racers, who, having no objection to some evil, are appalled at the very ocean of depravity which rolls before them. I extract the words of one of the leading sportsmen of England. "*How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks, during the last two hundred years; and, unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf! For, we lament to say, the evil has increased: all heretofore has been* 'TARTS AND CHEESE-CAKES' *to the villanous proceedings of the last twenty years on the English turf.*"

I will drop this barbarous amusement, with a few questions.

What have you, young men, to do with the turf, admitting it to be what it claims, *a school for horses?*

Are you particularly interested in that branch of learning?

Is it *safe* to accustom yourselves to such tremendous excitement as that of racing?

Is the invariable company of such places of a kind which you ought to be found in?—will races make you more moral?—more industrious?—more careful?—economical?—trustworthy?

You who have attended them, what advice would you give a young man, a younger brother for instance, who should seriously ask if he had better attend?

I digress to say one word to women. When a Course was opened at Cincinnati, ladies would not attend it: when one was opened here, ladies would not attend it: For very good reasons—*they were* LADIES. If it be said that they attend the Races at the South and in England, I reply, that they do a great many other things which you would not choose to do.

Roman ladies could see hundreds of gladiators stab and hack each other—could you? Spanish ladies can see savage bull-fights—would you? It is possible for a modest woman to countenance very questionable practices, where the customs of society and the universal public opinion approve them. But no woman can set herself against public opinion,

in favor of an immoral sport, without being herself immoral; for, if worse be wanting, it is immorality enough for a woman to put herself where her reputation will lose its suspiciousless lustre.

II. The Theatre. Desperate efforts are made, year by year, to resuscitate this expiring evil. Its claims are put forth with vehemence. Let us examine them.

The drama cultivates the taste. Let the appeal be to facts. Let the roll of English literature be explored—our Poets, Romancers, Historians, Essayists, Critics, and Divines—and for what part of their memorable writings are we indebted to the Drama? If we except one period of our literature, the claim is wholly groundless; and at this day, the truth is so opposite to the claim, that extravagance, affectation, and rant, are proverbially denominated *theatrical.* If agriculture should attempt to supersede the admirable implements of husbandry, now in use, by the primitive plough or sharpened sticks, it would not be more absurd than to advocate that clumsy machine of literature, the Theatre, by the side of the popular lecture, the pulpit, and the press. It is not congenial to our age or necessities. Its day is gone by—it is in its dotage, as might be suspected, from the weakness of the garrulous apologies which it puts forth.

It is a school of morals.—Yes, doubtless! So the guillotine is defended on the plea of humanity. Inquisitors declare their racks and torture-beds to be the instruments of love, affectionately admonishing the fallen of the error of their ways. The slave-trade has been defended on the plea of humanity, and slavery is now defended for its mercies. Were it necessary for any school or party, doubtless we should hear arguments to prove the Devil's grace, and the utility of his agency among men.

But, let me settle these impudent pretensions to Theatre-virtue, by the home thrust of a few plain questions.

Will any of you who have been to Theatres, please to tell me whether virtue ever received important accessions from the *gallery* of Theatres?

Will you tell me whether the Pit is a place where an ordinarily modest man would love to seat his children?

Was ever a Theatre known where a prayer at the opening, and a prayer at the close, would not be tormentingly discordant?

How does it happen, that in a school for morals, the teachers never learn their own lessons?

Would you allow a son or daughter to associate alone with actors or actresses?

Do these men who promote virtue so zealously

when acting, take any part in public moral enterprises, when their stage dresses are off?

Which would surprise you most, to see actors steadily at Church, or to see Christians steadily at a Theatre? Would not both strike you as singular incongruities?

What is the reason that loose and abandoned men abhor religion in a Church, and love it so much in a Theatre?

Since the Theatre is the handmaid of virtue, why are drinking houses so necessary to its neighborhood, yet so offensive to Churches? The trustees of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, publicly protested against an order of council forbidding liquor to be sold on the premises, on the ground that it was impossible to support the Theatre without it.

I am told that Christians *do* attend the Theatres. Then I will tell them the story of the Ancients. A holy monk reproached the devil for stealing a young man who was found at the Theatre. He promptly replied, "I found him on my premises, and took him."

But, it is said, if Christians would take Theatres in hand, instead of abandoning them to loose men, they might become the handmaids of religion.

The Church has had an intimate acquaintance with the Theatre for eighteen hundred years. Dur-

ing that period, every available agent for the diffusion of morality has been earnestly tried. The Drama has been tried. The result is, that familiarity has bred contempt and abhorrence. If, after so long and thorough an acquaintance, the Church stands the mortal enemy of Theatres, the testimony is conclusive. It is the evidence of generations speaking by the most sober, thinking, and honest men. Let not this vagabond prostitute pollute any longer the precincts of the Church, with impudent proposals of alliance. When the Church needs an alliance it will not look for it in the kennel. Ah! what a blissful scene would that be—the Church and Theatre imparadised in each other's arms! What a sweet conjunction would be made, could we build our Churches so as to preach in the morning, and play in them by night! And how melting it would be, beyond the love of David and Jonathan, to see minister and actor in loving embrace; one slaying Satan by direct thrusts of plain preaching, and the other sucking his very life out by the enchantment of the Drama! To this millennial scene of Church and Theatre, I only suggest a single improvement: that the vestry be enlarged to a ring for a Circus, when not wanted for prayer-meetings; that the Sabbath-school room should be furnished with card-tables, and useful texts of scripture might

be printed on the cards, for the pious meditations of gamblers during the intervals of play and worship.

But if these places are put down, men will go to worse ones. Where will they find worse ones? Are those who go to the Theatre, the Circus, the Race-course, the men who abstain from worse places? It is notorious that the crowd of theatre-goers are vomited up *from* these worse places. It is notorious that the Theatre is the *door* to all the sinks of iniquity. It is through this infamous place that the young learn to love those vicious associates and practices to which, else, they would have been strangers. Half the victims of the gallows and of the Penitentiary will tell you, that these schools for morals were to them the gate of debauchery, the porch of pollution, the vestibule of the very house of Death.

The Drama makes one acquainted with human life, and with nature. It is too true. There is scarcely an evil incident to human life, which may not be fully learned at the Theatre. Here flourishes every variety of wit—ridicule of sacred things, burlesques of religion, and licentious *double-entendres.* Nowhere can so much of this lore be learned, in so short a time, as at the Theatre. There one learns how pleasant a thing is vice; amours are consecrated; license is prospered; and the young

come away alive to the glorious liberty of conquest and lust. But the stage is not the only place about the Drama where human nature is learned. In the Boxes the young may make the acquaintance of those who abhor home and domestic quiet; of those who glory in profusion and obtrusive display; of those who expend all, and more than their earnings, upon gay clothes and jewelry; of those who think it no harm to *borrow their money without leave* from their employer's till; of those who despise vulgar appetite, but affect polished and genteel licentiousness. Or, he may go to the Pit, and learn the whole round of villain-life, from masters in the art. He may sit down among thieves, blood-loving scoundrels, swindlers, broken-down men of pleasure—the coarse, the vulgar, the debauched, the inhuman, the infernal. Or, if still more of human nature is wished, he can learn yet more; for the Theatre epitomizes every degree of corruption. Let the virtuous young scholar go to the Gallery, and learn there, decency, modesty, and refinement, among the quarrelling, drunken, ogling, mincing, brutal women of the brothel! Ah! there is no place like the Theatre for learning *human nature!* A young man can gather up more experimental knowledge here in a week, than elsewhere in half a year. But I wonder that the Drama should ever confess the

fact; and yet more, that it should lustily plead in self-defence, *that Theatres teach men so much of human nature!* Here are brilliant bars, to teach the young to drink; here are gay companions, to undo in half an hour the scruples formed by an education of years; here are pimps of pleasure, to delude the brain with bewildering sophisms of license; here is pleasure, all flushed in its gayest, boldest, most fascinating forms; and few there be who can resist its wiles, and fewer yet who can yield to them and escape ruin. If you would pervert the taste—go to the Theatre. If you would imbibe false views—go to the Theatre. If you would efface as speedily as possible all qualms of conscience—go to the Theatre. If you would put yourself irreconcilably against the *spirit* of virtue and religion—go to the Theatre. If you would be infected with each particular vice in the catalogue of Depravity—go to the Theatre. Let parents, who wish to make their children weary of home and quiet domestic enjoyments, take them to the Theatre. If it be desirable for the young to loathe industry and didactic reading, and burn for fierce excitements, and seek them by stealth or through pilferings, if need be—then send them to the Theatre. It is notorious that the bill of fare at these temples of pleasure is made up to the taste of the lower appetites; that

low comedy, and lower farce, running into absolute obscenity, are the only means of filling a house. Theatres which should exhibit nothing but the classic Drama, would exhibit it to empty seats. They must be corrupt, to live; and those who attend them will be corrupted.

Let me turn your attention to several reasons which should incline every young man to forswear such criminal amusements.

I. The first reason is, *their waste of time.* I do not mean that they waste only the time consumed while you are within them; but they make you waste your time afterwards. You will go once, and wish to go again; you will go twice, and seek it a third time; you will go a third time,—a fourth; and whenever the bill flames, you will be seized with a restlessness and craving to go, until the appetite will become a *passion.* You will then waste your nights: your mornings being heavy, melancholy, and stupid, you will waste them. Your day will next be confused and crowded: your duties poorly executed or deferred; habits of arrant shiftlessness will ensue; and day by day, industry will grow tiresome, and leisure sweeter, until you are a waster of time—an *idle man;* and if not a rogue, you will be a fortunate exception.

II. You ought not to countenance these things

because they will waste your money. Young gentlemen! *squandering* is as shameful as *hoarding*. A fool can throw away, and a fool can lock up; but it is a wise man, who, neither parsimonious nor profuse, steers the middle course of generous economy and frugal liberality. A young man, at first, thinks that all he spends at such places, is the ticket-price of the Theatre, or the small bet on the races; and this he knows is not much. But this is certainly not the whole bill—nor half.

First, you pay your entrance. But there are a thousand petty luxuries which one must not neglect, or custom will call him niggard. You must buy your cigars, and your friend's. You must buy your juleps, and treat in your turn. You must occasionally wait on your lady, and she must be comforted with divers confections. You cannot go to such places in homely working dress; new and costlier clothes must be bought. All your companions have jewelry,—you will want a ring, or a seal, or a golden watch, or an ebony cane, a silver toothpick, or quizzing glass. Thus, item presses upon item, and in the year a long bill runs up of money *spent for little trifles.*

But if all this money could buy you off from the yet worse effects, the bargain would not be so dear. But compare, if you please, this mode of expendi-

ture with the *principle* of your ordinary expense. In all ordinary and business-transactions you get an *equivalent* for your money,—either food for support, or clothes for comfort, or permanent property. But when a young man has spent one or two hundred dollars for the Theatre, Circus, Races, Balls, and revelling, what has he to show for it at the end of the year? Nothing at all good, and much that is bad. You sink your money as really as if you threw it into the sea; and you do it in such a way that you form habits of *careless expense.* You lose all sense of the *value of property;* and when a man sees no value in property, he will see no necessity for labor; and when he is lazy, and careless of property, both, he will be *dishonest.* Thus, a habit which seems innocent—the habit of trifling with property—often degenerates to worthlessness, indolence, and roguery.

III. Such pleasures are incompatible with your ordinary pursuits.

The very way to ruin an honest business is to be ashamed of it, or to put alongside of it something which a man loves better. There can be no industrial calling so exciting as the Theatre, the Circus, and the Races. If you wish to make your real business very stupid and hateful, visit such places. After the glare of the Theatre has dazzled your

eyes, your blacksmith-shop will look smuttier than ever it did before. After you have seen stalwart heroes pounding their antagonists, you will find it a dull business to pound iron; and a valiant apprentice who has seen such gracious glances of love and such rapturous kissing of hands, will hate to dirty his heroic fingers with mortar, or by rolling felt on the hatter's board. If a man had a homely, but most useful wife—patient, kind, intelligent, hopeful in sorrow, and cheerful in prosperity, but yet very plain, very homely,—would he be wise to bring under his roof a fascinating and artful beauty? would the contrast, and her wiles, make him love his own wife better? Young gentlemen, your wives are your industrial callings? These raree-shows are artful jades, dressed up on purpose to purloin your affections. Let no man be led to commit adultery with a Theatre, against the rights of his own trade.

IV. Another reason why you should let alone these deceitful pleasures is, that they will engage you in bad company. To the Theatre, the Ball, the Circus, the Race-course, the gaming-table, resort all the idle, the dissipated, the rogues, the licentious, the epicures, the gluttons, the artful jades, the immodest prudes, the joyous, the worthless, the refuse. When you go, you will not, at first, take

introduction to them all, but to those nearest like yourself; by them the way will be opened to others. And a very great evil has befallen a young man, when wicked men feel that they have a right to his acquaintance. When I see a gambler slapping a young mechanic on the back; or a lecherous scoundrel suffusing a young man's cheek by a story at which, despite his blushes, he yet laughs; I know the youth has been guilty of criminal indiscretion, or these men could not approach him thus. That is a brave and strong heart that can stand up pure in a company of artful wretches. When wicked men mean to seduce a young man, so tremendous are the odds in favor of practiced experience against innocence, that there is not one chance in a thousand, *if the young man lets them approach him.* Let every young man remember that he carries, by nature, a breast of passions *just such as bad men have.* With youth they slumber; but temptation can wake them, bad men can influence them, they know the road, they know how to serenade the heart; how to raise the sash, and elope with each passion. There is but one resource for innocence among men or women; and that is, an embargo upon all commerce of bad men. Bar the window!—bolt the door!—nor answer their strain, if they charm never so wisely! In no other way can

you be safe. So well am I assured of the power of bad men to seduce the erring purity of man, that I pronounce it next to impossible for man or woman to escape, *if they permit bad men to approach and dally with them.* Oh! there is more than magic in temptation, when it beams down upon the heart of man, like the sun upon a morass! At the noon-tide-hour of purity, the mists shall rise and wreath a thousand fantastic forms of delusion; and a sudden freak of passion, a single gleam of the imagination, one sudden rush of the capricious heart, and the resistance of years may be prostrated in a moment, the heart entered by the besieging enemy, its rooms sought out, and every lovely affection rudely seized by the invader's lust, and given to ravishment and to ruin!

V. Putting together in one class, all gamblers, circus-riders, actors and racing jockeys, I pronounce them to be men who live off of society without returning any useful equivalent for their support. At the most lenient sentence, they are a band of gay idlers. They do not throw one cent into the stock of public good. They do not make shoes, or hats, or houses, or harness, or anything else that is useful. A hostler is useful; he performs a necessary office. A scullion is useful; somebody *must* act his part. A street-sweeper, a chimney-sweep, the

seller of old clothes, a scavenger, a tinker, a boot-black—all these men are respectable; for though their callings are very humble, they are founded on the real wants of society. The bread which such men eat, is the representation of what they have done for society; not the bread of idleness, but of usefulness. But what do pleasure-mongers do for a living?—what do they invent?—what do they make?—what do they repair?—what do they for the mind, for the body, for man, or child, or beast? The dog that gnaws a refuse bone, pays for it in barking at a thief. The cat that purrs its gratitude for a morsel of meat, will clear our house of rats. But what do we get in return for supporting whole loads of play-mongers, and circus-clowns? They eat, they drink, they giggle, they grimace, they strut in gairish clothes—and what else? They have not afforded even *useful* amusement; they are professional laugh-makers; their trade is comical or tragical buffoonery—the trade of tickling men. We do not feel any need of them, before they come; and when they leave, the only effects resulting from their visits are, unruly boys, aping apprentices, and unsteady workmen.

Now, upon principles of mere political economy, is it wise to support a growing class of improvident idlers? If at the top of society, the government

should erect a class of favored citizens, and pamper their idleness with fat pensions, the indignation of the whole community would break out against such privileged aristocrats. But we have, at the bottom of society, a set of wandering, jesting, dancing, fiddling aristocrats, whom we support for the sake of their capers, grins, and caricatures upon life, and no one seems to think this an evil.

VI. But even this is cheap and wise, compared with the evil which I shall mention. If these morality-teachers could guarantee us against all evil from their doings, we might pay their support and think it a cheap bargain. The direct and necessary effect of their pursuit, however, is to demoralize men.

Those who defend Theatres would scorn to admit actors into their society. It is within the knowledge of all, that men, who thus cater for public pleasure, are excluded from respectable society. The general fact is not altered by the exceptions—and honorable exceptions there are. But where there is one Siddons, and one Ellen Tree, and one Fanny Kemble, how many hundred actresses are there who dare not venture within modest society? Where there is one Garrick and Sheridan, how many thousand licentious wretches are there, whose acting is but a means of sensual indulgence? In the support

of gamblers, circus-riders, actors, and racing-jockeys, a Christian and industrious people are guilty of supporting mere mischief-makers—men whose very heart is diseased, and whose sores exhale contagion to all around them. We pay moral assassins to stab the purity of our children. We warn our sons of temptation, and yet plant the seeds which shall bristle with all the spikes and thorns of the worst temptation. If to this strong language, you answer, that these men are generous and jovial, that their very business is to *please*, that they do not mean to do harm,—I reply, that I do not charge them with *trying* to produce immorality, but with pursuing a course which produces it, whether they try or not. An evil example does harm by its own liberty, without asking leave. Moral disease, like the plague, is contagious, whether the patient wishes it or not. A vile man infects his children in spite of himself. Criminals make criminals, just as taint makes taint, disease makes disease, plagues make plagues. Those who run the gay round of pleasure cannot help dazzling the young, confounding their habits, and perverting their morals—it is the very nature of their employment.

These demoralizing professions could not be sustained but by the patronage of moral men. Where do the clerks, the apprentices, the dissipated, get their

money which buys an entrance? From whom is that money drained, always, in every land, which supports vice? Unquestionably from the good, the laborious, the careful. The skill, the enterprise, the labor, the good morals of every nation, are always taxed for the expenses of vice. Jails are built out of honest men's earnings. Courts are supported from peaceful men's property. Penitentiaries are built by the toil of virtue. Crime never pays its own way. Vice has no hands to work, no head to calculate. Its whole faculty is to corrupt and to waste; and good men, directly or indirectly, foot the bill.

At this time, when we are waiting in vain for the return of that bread which we wastefully cast upon the waters; when, all over the sea, men are fishing up the wrecks of those argosies, and full freighted fortunes, which foundered in the sad storm of recent times,—some question might be asked about the economy of vice; the economy of paying for our sons' idleness; the economy of maintaining a whole lazy profession of gamblers, racers, actresses, and actors,—human, equine and bellnine:—whose errand is mischief, and luxury, and license, and giggling folly. It ought to be asked of men who groan at a tax to pay their honest foreign debts,

whether they can be taxed to pay the bills of mountebanks?*

It is astonishing how little the influence of those professions has been considered, which exert themselves mainly to delight the sensual feelings of men. That whole race of men, whose camp is the Theatre, the Circus, the Turf, or the Gaming-table, is a race whose instinct is destruction, who live to corrupt, and live off of the corruption which they make. For their support, we sacrifice annual hecatombs of youthful victims. Even sober Christian men, look

* We cannot pay for honest *loans*, but we can pay Elssler hundreds of thousands for being an *airy sylph!* America can pay vagabond-fiddlers, trumpet-dancers, fashionable actors, dancing-horses, and boxing-men! Heaven forbid that these should want!—but to pay honest debts,—indeed, indeed, we have honorable scruples of conscience about that!!

Let our foreign creditors dismiss their fears, and forgive us the *commercial* debt; write no more drowsy letters about *public faith;* let them write saucy comedies, and send over fiddlers, and dancers, and actors, and singers;—they will soon collect the debt and keep us good-natured! After every extenuation—hard times, deficient currency, want of market, &c., there is a deeper reason than these at the bottom of our inert indebtedness. Living among the body of the people, and having nothing to lose or gain by my opinions, I must say plainly, that the community are not sensitive to the disgrace of flagrant public bankruptcy; they do not seem to care whether their public debt be paid or not. I perceive no *enthusiasm* on that subject: it is not a topic for either party, nor of anxious private conversation. A profound indebtedness, ruinous to our credit and to our morals, is allowed to lie at the very bottom of the abyss of dishonest indifference.

Men love to be taxed for their lusts; there is an open exchequer for licentiousness, and for giddy pleasure. We grow suddenly saving, when benevolence asks alms, or justice duns for debts; we dole a pittance to suppliant creditors, to be rid of their clamor. But let the divine Fanny, with evolutions extremely efficacious upon the feelings, fire the enthusiasm of a whole Theatre of men, whose applauses rise—as she does; let this courageous dancer, almost literally true to nature, display her adventurous feats before a thousand men, and the very miser will turn spendthrift; the land which will not pay its honest creditors, will enrich a strolling danseuse, and rain down upon the stage a stream of golden boxes, or golden coin, wreaths and rosy billet-doux.

smilingly upon the gairish outside of these train-bands of destruction; and while we see the *results* to be, uniformly, dissipation, idleness, dishonesty, vice and crime, still they lull us with the lying lyric of "*classic drama*," and "*human life*," "*morality*," "*poetry*," and "*divine comedy*."

Disguise it as you will, these men of pleasure are, the world over, CORRUPTERS OF YOUTH. Upon no principle of kindness can we tolerate them; no excuse is bold enough; we can take bail from none of their weaknesses—it is not safe to have them abroad even upon excessive bail. You might as well take bail of lions, and allow scorpions to breed in our streets for a suitable license; or for a tax indulge assassins. Men whose life is given to evil pleasures are, to ordinary criminals, what a universal pestilence is to a local disease. They fill the air, pervade the community, and bring around every youth an atmosphere of death. Corrupters of youth have no mitigation of their baseness. Their generosity avails nothing, their knowledge nothing, their varied accomplishments nothing. These are only so many facilities for greater evil. Is a serpent less deadly, because his burnished scales shine? Shall a dove praise and court the vulture, because he has such glossy plumage? The more accomplishments a bad man has, the more dangerous is he;—they

are the garlands which cover up the knife with which he will stab. There is no such thing as good corrupters. You might as well talk of a mild and pleasant murder, a very lenient assassination, a grateful stench, or a pious devil. We denounce them; for it is our nature to loathe perfidious corruption. We have no compunction to withhold us. We mourn over a torn and bleeding lamb; but who mourns the wolf which rent it? We weep for despoiled innocence; but who sheds a tear for the savage fiend who plucks away the flower of virtue? We shudder and pray for the shrieking victim of the Inquisition; but who would spare the hoary Inquisitor, before whose shriveled form the piteous maid implores relief in vain? Even thus, we palliate the sins of generous youth; and their downfall is our sorrow: but for their destroyers, for the CORRUPTERS OF YOUTH, who practise the infernal chemistry of ruin, and dissolve the young heart in vice—we have neither tears, nor pleas, nor patience. We lift our heart to Him who beareth the iron rod of vengeance, and pray for the appointed time of judgment. Ye miscreants! think ye that ye are growing tall, and walking safely, because God hath forgotten? The bolt shall yet smite you! you shall be heard as the falling of an oak in the silent forest—the vaster its growth, the more terrible its resound-

ing downfall! Oh! thou CORRUPTER OF YOUTH! I would not take thy death, for all the pleasure of thy guilty life, a thousand fold. Thou shalt draw near to the shadow of death. To the Christian, these shades are the golden haze which heaven's light makes, when it meets the earth and mingles with its shadows. But to thee, these shall be shadows full of phantom-shapes. Images of terror in the Future shall dimly rise and beckon;—the ghastly deeds of the Past shall stretch out their skinny hands to push thee forward! Thou shall not die unattended. Despair shall mock thee. Agony shall tender to thy parched lips her fiery cup. Remorse shall feel for thy heart, and rend it open. Good men shall breathe freer at thy death, and utter thanksgiving when thou art gone. Men shall place thy grave-stone as a monument and testimony that a plague is stayed; no tear shall wet it, no mourner linger there! And, as borne on the blast thy guilty spirit whistles toward the gate of hell, the hideous shrieks of those whom thy hand hath destroyed, shall pierce thee—hell's first welcome. In the bosom of that everlasting storm which rains perpetual misery in hell, shalt thou, CORRUPTER OF YOUTH! be forever hidden from our view: and may God wipe out the very thoughts of thee from our memory.

Matthew Russell jrs Colchester
Book
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